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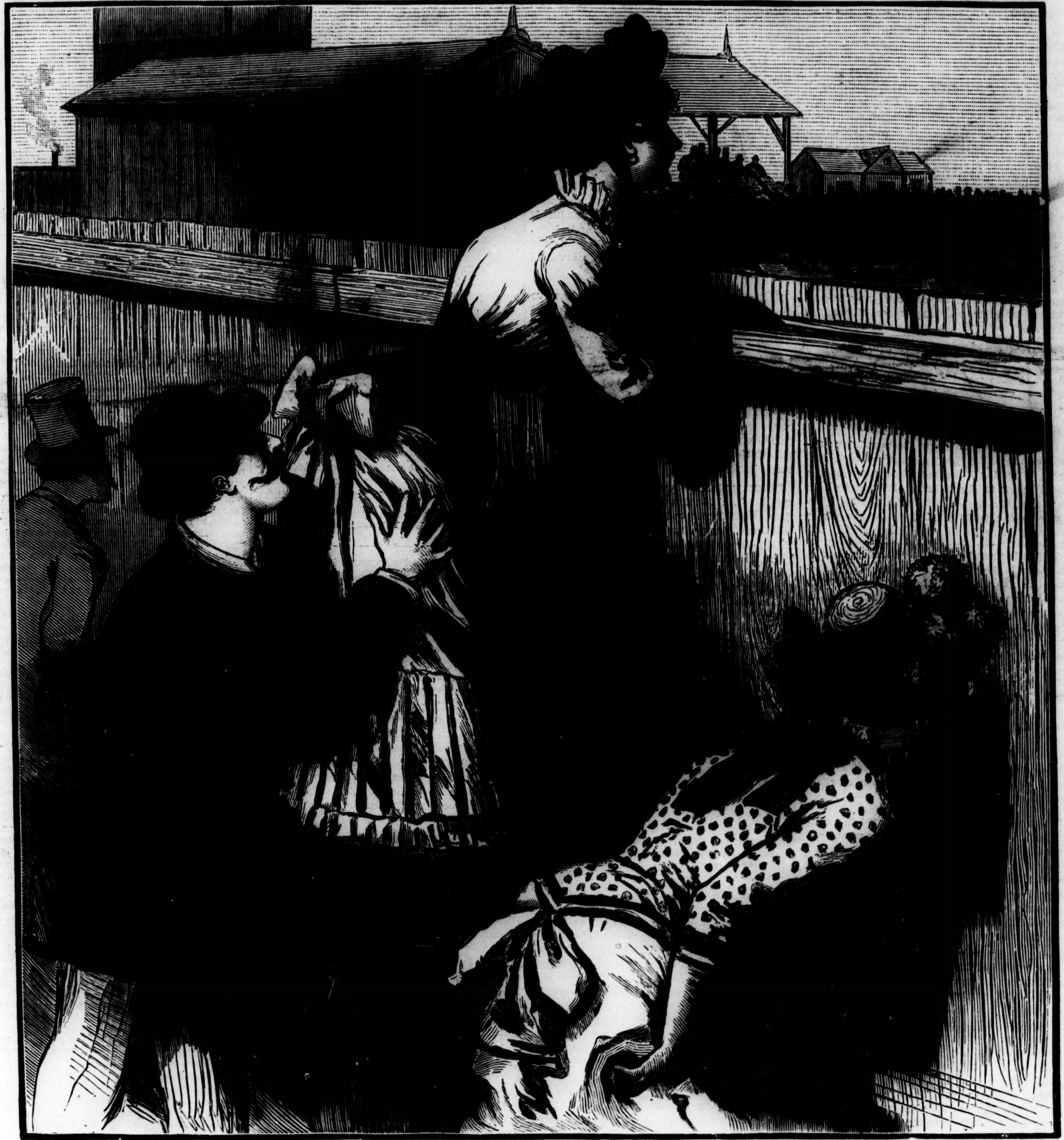
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MORE ADMIRATION THAN MONEY.

THE KNOT HOLE AND BACK FENCE AUDIENCES WHICH TOOK IN THE BASE BALL GAMES AT THE POLO GROUNDS TO THE DISGUST OF THE GATE-KEEPERS; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William St., New York.

THE "glorious climate" of California hasn't furnished us any scandal lately. They must have got rid of all their parsons out there.

THE Texas cowboys are inaugurating the fall season with a round of murders and outrages in their best style. They're going to give us a merry winter and no mistake.

OUR news columns show that the oily and sanctimonious parson is still getting his fine work in with the saintly sisters, and that still the choicest tid bit in an amorous way is considered a nice smirking moral-all-through dominie.

THE saints have begun the fall and winter season with a series of scandalous antics, and even a double murder in church. This gives promise of lively times indeed. We knew the brethren would not stay long in the background when devilry was to be done.

Boston is going to enjoy the scandalous details of no less than forty divorce suits this winter. Why don't the moralists suppress the court reports in the interest of hypocrisy? If they don't the details will be a terrible giveaway to the truly good church-goers whose nasty antics on the sly are to be exposed.

THERE is a great cry because Charley Thorne, the actor, is alleged to have two wives. It is because he is an actor that there is such an ado. If he were a parson with all the maids and married women of his congregation for his mistresses it would be wicked to mention the fact. Faugh! What a disgusting set are these "unco guild" religious people!

PRESIDENT ARTHUR hasn't returned to work at the Capital yet, and the business of the nation is left in the hands of a few clerks. Suppose we "dock" Chet, for his absence just as the workingman is docked out of his small pay for absence. Wouldn't this be as just for Chet, as for the workingman? Or is he a superior sort of animal who gets his pay all the same whether he works or not?

THE floods in Jersey have increased the consumption of liquor. A ton of arsenic was swept away by the rising waters at a label factory at Montclair and deposited in the Passaic, whence Newark and Jersey City draw their drinking water. Now no Jerseyman, not even a teetotaler, feels safe in even diluting his whiskey with water. The whole State takes its drinks straight, with "no arsenic in their'n."

THE outrage of the arrest of Jim Elliott, the pugilist, detailed in another column, needs no comment. It is only a sample of what may be done in the name of the law by persons who will take the risk of consequences. And as for redress there is none. It were better to submit than fall into the hands of the lawyers and pay to hear them interchange their silly quibbles. The lawyer you pay will advise, indignantly, "What! Arrest a man and lock him up for nothing? Why, they can't do that!" But they do it, and then the lawyer wants more pay to enable him to prove that they had no right to do it. Leave the law alone, boys. If it clubs the head nearly off you, and wipes the gutter out with you, submit rather than argue the question. It will cost too much and be too unsatisfactory in the long run. And that is the real situation of affairs. What are you going to do about it?

SCARCELY any news but that of murders, duels and bloody outrages of various novel quality comes from Texas. The Legislative hypocrites are letting themselves loose, too, in varied channels of lechery and moral crookedness since they forbade the circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE in the State. They are not safe yet, though. We have an eagle eye on them, and we'll expose them presently in a way that will cover them with the opprobrium they deserve.

THE European tradesmen and hotel keepers made a big haul during the summer, judging from the number of our native tourists who are returning by every steamer dead broke. It's a rueful and unhappy procession that descends the gang planks at the steamer wharves—quite different from the chipper and money-inflated mob that climbed the steamers' sides intent on doing the grand tour. It is refreshing to see this vulgar flock come back thoroughly plucked. We enjoy it.

WE don't like to boast, but there's another case to our credit that we must advert to. Phipps, the Philadelphia defaulter, would never have been captured had he not been recognized from his picture in the POLICE GAZETTE. Thus we keep on doing our good work complacently while our envious rivals howl morality and fling mud at us. The public can discriminate, and the mud will not stick. Our record is a good one, and a clean one, and it cannot be marred by envious detraction. Our work speaks for itself.

THE west is progressing in matters of taste as well as in everything else. That fact is undeniable when we see the grand circulation that our paper is rolling up out there. But lately photography has been developed in Nebraska to a most astonishing degree of completeness. Among the most successful artists in this line is Mr. Phil. C. Waltermire, of Ashland, Neb., whose photographic reproduction in miniature of copies of the POLICE GAZETTE are marvels of art in their way.

THE politicians are at it red hot. They've managed to rake up subjects to wrangle about at the send-off as we knew they would. They were bound to get the country in danger again. New York, if we are to believe them,—which we don't—is on the very edge of the abyss of perdition. Go it, boys—we can afford to lay off and laugh at the scramble, and as the POLICE GAZETTE doesn't dabble in politics it's none of our funeral either way; and we're not going to point out the nigger in the fence to the public, either, though we deserv the colored gent very plainly.

DUELLING takes on novel forms in the West and South. At Jackson, Miss., two teamsters, Goss and Hill, stripped to the waist, and armed with new, heavy, long-lash whips, toed lines eight feet apart and lashed each other for three hours, the affair finally proving a draw. Lang and Lykins, rival tobacco sellers of Peterville, Ky., fought a duel with clubs four feet long and two inches thick. Each man had his left arm broken and suffered frightful injuries before Lykins was knocked out. Now, then, in view of these facts, will you reiterate the old howl that the prize ring is a too too brutal way of settling quarrels?

A BAPTIST minister of Thomaston, Maine, named Edwin H. Ellis, went to St. John, N. B., on the 28th ult. with the young wife of John S. Rose, one of his parishioners, and becoming "strapped" for money was detained by a landlady who had him arrested for non-payment of board. This gave the whole thing away and probably opened the eyes of the confiding husband. Served the parson right. Why didn't he go well fixed? Why, every parson and priest in the land would be found out if he didn't keep a big bundle for amorous emergencies. Ellis must have been very young in the ministry.

ANOTHER ass braying and wagging its long ears at us. This time its name is Alva C. Lowrey, who runs the most wretched apology for a newspaper that we ever saw, named *The Silver Brick*, of Georgetown, N. M. There's a ring of base metal about that brick that is equivalent to the brass of its editor. The inflated old sponge, wringing under the influence of tangle-foot, muddles his moods and tenses sadly, but we can make out from the wretched jumble of bad type and worse grammar that he has an attack of moral jim-jams, and sees snakes and other immoral things that other people can't see. Among other phantasmagoria he has transformed the POLICE GAZETTE into a Hydra, and his diseased imagination makes it a frightful monster indeed. When editors of this Lowrey class are so far gone that they not only find snakes in their boots but in the ink bottle and the cases and in the exchanges, it is time to hunt for a strait-jacket. We are sorry that Lowrey's got 'em so bad that he has such distorted views of his favorite exchange—the one he steals the most from—the POLICE GAZETTE.

YELLOW JACK has journeyed into Florida, and the hotel keepers are kicking like mules against his visit. They will lose their regular winter season if he does not leave. It will be rough on them indeed if they are denied the opportunity to build up big bills on the unsuspecting guest who insists on burying himself in that vicinity during the cold season, losing all the sports of the civilized regions during the stay of ruddy Jack Frost in the North.

JUDGE JEFFRIES, our champion liar, is still unmatched, and still basks in the smiles of the bagnio mistresses of Denver, whose interests he has taken such good care of in the past. We are very anxious to get a match for the champion to preserve his wondrous lying capacities intact. True, he lies with the crooked charmers of Denver as with every one else, but then we are very anxious to get a chance to test his mettle. There is danger of softening of the brain when the Denver style of Delilah gets her hooks on Samson.

THE days of chivalry and love romance are not returning in the proper order of things. It used to be the love-crazed knight who did battle for his lady. Now it is the rival queens of love and beauty who slaughter each other for the knight. The last case of the kind is that of two young women of New Orleans, Melissa Power and Addie Johnson, who fought a duel with carving knives in the back yard of their residence for a young man who had been paying attentions to both of them. Both women were frightfully cut up, but Melissa died first from a stab in the heart, while her antagonist lived several hours. In all the hash, the poor young man did not find sufficient matrimonial fair left to gratify him. He, too, expressed himself sympathetically much cut up by the emotional situation.

THERE are going to be some choice scandals bubble up this winter from that horrid cauldron called Washington society. Several old chaps who have been working amorous rackets on the moral basis for two or three seasons are getting pretty near the end of their rope, and we are going to hear of the exposure of more than one saint who stands high in official favor and in church circles. These moral "crooks" can lay the blame on themselves though. If they hadn't blathered so loudly about their purity and innocence no one would have thought to look and discover that they kept their mistresses living in apartments around the corner from their family residences. There is such a thing as overdoing the morality business you see. Too much perfume arouses the suspicion that there is a stench concealed somewhere under it; and the greater the perfume the greater the stench it conceals. Oh, there will be some jolly old revelations in Washington this winter, you may bet your sweet little life.

THE correspondent who wants to know why it is that we never find any good persons of the dramatic profession to praise in these columns, is informed that, although these good persons exist, they are either too old or too humble to amount to anything at present. The road to prominence in the profession nowadays lies through the gilded palaces of sin—the bagnios. The mistress of a rich man has every chance to become a prominent actress despite her lack of brains, while the poor girl who attempts to earn her living by working her way on the stage has no chance at all. The manager expects the actress—the humblest in the cast—to spend on costumes double the amount of her salary for the season. Where the money is to come from is none of his affair. The reputable girl who expects to live on her salary and who protests that she cannot dress her parts as well as the bawds who get even less salary than herself, is told that if she does not feel able to do so, then there are fifty young women of more tact and complaisance who are willing to take her place and fill the bill. She either retires from the profession or becomes the mistress of some one who is willing to "put up" for her. This is the state of affairs, Mr. W. K., to which we object. We know this rule is making the stage forbidden ground to respectable women who, having talent, would expect that talent to support them, however humbly. We decline to select the respectables of the profession, who have lived through their prime in cleaner times, and in praising them lull the public into the belief that their cleanliness still obtains in the profession they still cling to. This is why we find nothing good to praise in the drama. The managers are permitting nothing good to enter it, or are making sure that virtue is defiled as the first step towards preferment on the boards. This is our answer. We are tearing away the few respectables who have venerated the dirty work of the managers and the stars, and we are showing the prodigious mass of corruption behind them. And we are going to keep on at this task until we bring about a reform both in the interest of the drama and the public.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

WHEN an editor refers to a man as "a miserable polecat" and is promptly accused of gross flattery it looks rather dubious for the person referred to.

"Ef yer want ter make a 'oman mad an' appear pleased, tell her ob a fault; but ef yer wanster make her pleased an' appear mad, tell her dat she's good lookin'."

SAID Mrs. Gallagher: "I think it is wrong to make these soda fountains so shiny, white and dazzling. They don't trouble me, but I've observed that my husband can never look at one without winking."

A BOIL in the kettle's worth two on

your nose,
And a corn on the ear is worth two on
your toes.

VICE versa: "You foolish boy," said a mother upon discovering some India-link pictures on her son's arm, "don't you know that they will remain there as long as you live?" "And will I live as long as they remain there?" asked the boy.

A LITTLE girl in Sunday school, who had been pulling her doll to pieces during the week, was asked by the preacher, "what was Adam made of?" "Dust," replied the little girl. "And what was Eve made of?" "Sawdust," was the answer.

THE gentleman stepped on the coal dealer's platform scales and asked to be weighed. The dealer said: "Why certainly!" and called to the man inside to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing and shouted back the weight six hundred pounds.

A TRAVELER reports a clever repartee in the old cathedral at Santa Fe. Several aged Mexican women were kneeling on the bare floor moaning in prayer. "Well," said a looker-on, "don't that beat the devil?" "I guess that's what they are trying to do," was the quiet reply of a companion.

CLERGYMAN's wife (who takes great interest in her industrial school): "Jane Brown, I'm sorry to hear from your mistress that you are not diligent at your needle-work. Now you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do?" Jane Brown (artfully thinking to propitiate): "Yes 'm. Yeon dew, 'm!"

A YOUNG man, just from home, traveling in the West, was present at a bar-room fight. During the reckless shooting his life was saved by a stray bullet lodging in a testament which he carried in his pocket. After the occurrence he walked up to the bar, took a drink and said: "How fortunate. If I had been reading that book I'd have been a dead man."

A BOY paid his first visit to one of the public schools the other day as a scholar, and as he came home at night his mother inquired: "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully!" he replied in an excited voice. "I saw four boys licked, one girl get her ear pulled, and a big scholar burn his elbow on the stove. I don't want to miss a day."

"I've stolen a coat," said a man to a lawyer, "and I want you to defend me. Think you can prove me innocent?" "O, yes; we can prove that you were in an adjoining township when the coat was stolen and that the prosecution is malicious." "How much will you charge?" "What sort of a coat is it?" "First rate; never been worn any." "Well, I won't charge you anything. Just give me the coat."

PROVOKING misconception: Gentleman on the railroad car takes an excellent cigar from his pocket, and just as he is about to light it recollects that perhaps his fellow traveler objects to tobacco smoke. Accordingly, the cigar between his finger and thumb, he turns to his vis-a-vis and says politely: "I beg your pardon, sir, but perhaps—" "Oh, thank you; with pleasure!" And the other traveler takes the cigar and smokes it. [P. S.—Of course it was the polite man's last weed.]

TWO Irishmen were asleep in the attic of a house which caught fire. One of them, in the hurry to escape, got his pantaloons on front side back and jumped to the street below. His companion seeing him fall in a heap called to him: "Whist, Jerry, are ye kilt intirely?" And Jerry gathering himself up and discovering the strange adjustment of his garments, aforesaid, shouted back: "Not intirely kilt but upon me word I'm fatally twisted."

"YE pigge he is a pretty fowl,
And wondrous good to eat;
Hys hair is good, lykewise his jowl,
And eke his little feet,
But if you try a thousand yeare
I trow you still will fayle
To make a silk purse of his eare
Or a wistle of his tayle."

OLD Goodman went to some English opera "of the Alice Oates variety. He came home a very wrathful man. "Don't talk to me any more about givin' woman the ballot," he roared. "If ever I catch a wife or daughter of mine dancin' in a necklace and a pair of slippers, somebody'll have to read the riot act before the ballot is half over, I don't care who tries to stop me." And the Goodman girls haven't dared say "woman suffrage" or wear bangs from that day to this.

"Do you think so, darling?" "Yes," said the girl, passing her plate for more pie and smiling archly as she spoke, "kisses and embraces and fair words are very pleasant things—sweet lips and warm arms and loving eyes—but truth and sincerity and loyalty and purity are very much fairer and rarer." "You are right," replied her husband, looking at her with loving tenderness, "you are right, sweetheart, and I will not deceive you any longer." "What do you mean?" she asked, a look of horror passing over her face. "There is but one piece of pie," said George W. Simpson, "and I shall tackle it myself."

"I UNDERSTAND," said a Texan to an Arkansaw man, "that you shot Bill Blukins." "Yes," "Well," continued the Texan, "Bill was a friend of mine, and I'll have to avenge his death. Are you armed?" "You say Bill was your friend?" "Yes, the warmest I ever had, and I'm going to give it to you right here," and he drew a pistol. "Hold on!" exclaimed the Arkansaw man. "Bill was a friend of mine, too, and more than that he was my brother-in-law." "Oh, well, then," said the Texan, returning his pistol, "I guess you had a right to shoot him, I didn't know you had any claim to friendship."

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Fresh Exposure of Managerial Blather-skite and "Bum" Actors.

The True Inwardness of Several Tricks of the Fakes, and a Broad Hint to the Public.

JOHN STETSON and the Brooks & Dickson mob all knocked out in the first round. And yet there are those who say that there is no divine power.

THAT Birch & Backus mob have got up another alleged burlesque to parade their ponderous tricks of supposed fun before the yahoos. If there is anything more disgusting than witnessing the manoeuvres of these fat and nasty old men in one of their alleged burlesques on a running play, we do not recall it.

WHEN Haverly went all to pieces he discharged all his high salaried Mastodons and each of the whole forty (count 'em) went off on his own hook and organized a troupe. So there are forty troupes of Mastodons starting out this season. What a grand procession that will make when they all begin to walk home.

A RACKET of certain actresses is to "mash" certain hotel clerks in first-class hotels and get a heavy reduction in their bills. This is a game that works all over the country with a certain class of actresses, but is especially noticeable in New York during the spring and summer when the girls are getting short. This accounts, too, for the style in which some of these people live the whole year round.

MINNIE MADDERN, who made a fair bid last spring to take the leading place as star soubrette in this country, seems to have lost her courage and has buried herself in some remote circuit in the West. Don't give it up so, Minnie. There is a chance for a really young girl to play the hoyden young girls of the stage now that the POLICE GAZETTE has begun to open the eyes of the public to the fraudulent artistic claims of the Maggies, the Annes and the Lottas, who have grown old and gray in the service. It would be an anomaly indeed to have a young girl on our stage successfully playing the young girls of the drama. Buckle to, Minnie, and shame the grandmothers.

LOTTA, according to accounts of those who have traveled with her as members of her company, is as sour a companion as can be well imagined, worthy for crabbedness of her Crabtree origin. A spiteful ingenue has whispered in our hearing in the hope that we may publish it (the artful thing!) that this ill humor is on account of Miss Crabtree's advanced age. This cannot be, for, no matter how long back this specimen of the Crabtree crop dates, no one can deny she is well preserved. Preserves must be sweet to keep so long. It is not Lotta that is sour to the public, therefore—it is the public that is souring on Lotta.

LARRY BRANNIGAN tried on one of Boker's old closet plays in Philadelphia and was much puffed by the dead head critics. The people who paid their money to witness the performance, however, are not so complimentary. The general opinion seems to be that it is a closet play indeed and that it still retains the characteristics of the peculiar style of closet from which it was raked. Larry is just the kind of actor for that sort of drama. He has got at least a piece that suits him and the actor suits the piece. All print has its uses. Boker's closet play finds in Barrett the material for which it was intended.

THAT "bum" manager, Williams, of the Novelty drive in Williamsburg, L. I., is in a bad way. The new theatre called the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, originally Rev. J. Hyatt Smith's church, is a real dramatic temple—a beauty—and promises genuine dramatic attractions. The Novelty snide sees his days are numbered and is preparing to emigrate to Jersey, where he has secured an abandoned theatre. Williamsburg will be lucky in getting rid of this fellow and his dive and actors will be pleased by having a comfortable place, such as the new theatre proves, to play in. They suffered the discomforts of the old den and the arrogance of its snide managers for a long time, but the end has come at last, as we knew it would.

THAT "bum" actor and antiquated "mugger" has tacked himself on to the coat tails of Joe Shannon and the pair have begun a starring tour in Col. Morris' Elm Place Congregational Church in Brooklyn. Shannon has talent as an actor and can steal a play from the German with a grace that is really artistic. But what in Heaven's name is Lamb good for? A tough old Lamb that is. About time it changed its maiden name to mutton we should think. The new play, "Money Bags," what do you think of it? Well, we're sorry for Shannon. That's our criticism. But what could he expect when at the start of his voyage he took aboard the regular old Simon pure Jonah of the profession, Ned Lamb? Why, that's enough to provoke the whale not only to swallow Jonah but the entire ship and its contents, including Joe Shannon and his play. Tough stuff to stomach, we know, but the dramatic whale will tackle almost anything if you tempt it with Lamb, no matter how tough an old bait he may be.

THAT "bum" hamfatter, R. E. Graham, has been let loose on the patrons of the Windsor in the Bowery. The latter locality has sadly deteriorated in culinary acumen, however, for there was not a single egg fried, notwithstanding the provocation. This great hulking booby plays a German nobleman with a Bowers beer dive accent, who falls in love with the lower limbs of an impossible American innocent, played by Minnie Palmer. He becomes blind, possibly from taking improper peeps at those legs—an episode which is supposed by the numbskulls who hatched the play and run the show to subserve the purpose of morality—and the maudering ass begins to go it blind into Joe Emmett's business and to put on airs and graces and funny business—all of which is absolutely soul sickening. The pretensions of this vile mummer would be maddening if they were not so ridiculous. They are of a piece, however, with the front-of-the-house antics of Chimpancee John, the little Rogers "monk." This "Sweetheart's" coterie is very snide though, even for specimens of the small game of a menagerie.

MILK, THEO, the last French opera bouffon, whom Maurice Grau has brought over, hasn't much

voice but is a consummate comedienne of the French school—not as broad and as nasty as Aimee but more charming from the round eyed pretence of innocence with which she rolls *double entendres* over her tongue and the dainty grace with which she trips to the verge of the abyss of impropriety and allows just enough revelation, metaphorically speaking, to thrill the bald heads without shocking the greener chaps with a full capillary crop still remaining on their craniums. Aimee used to pause, metaphorically still, of course, on the edge of the precipice and strip the opera bouffe muse altogether until it hadn't a stitch to hide its naked truths. Theo manages her skirts better (still metaphorically, remember) and her display is sufficient to make a greater effect than did the coarser revelations of her rivals. Maurice did have a bonanza, therefore, and the lecherous old bald heads of the country who command the front seats in every theatre have before them a greater treat than the "Black Crook," though it were presented with a ballet of young women—which it never is, by several degrees.

BILLY THE GHOUL, otherwise William J. Tiltonson, the pale spectre of the yellow fluff side whiskers, who walks the gloomy gilded halls of the Palace of Pimples on Eighth Avenue masquerading as a business manager, but really laying to lasso virgin attractions for Pimples' boudoir—the pus cavity behind the private box to which we have alluded before—doesn't like the portrait given him in the POLICE GAZETTE and has pleaded that we do not go too far. We understand what Billy the Ghoul means. We never intended to touch on that, so it is no sacrifice to promise we will not say a word about it. You needn't waylay reporters, therefore, Billy, and beg them to use their influence in your behalf. No one has any influence with us, anyhow. We use our own judgment and paddle our own canoe. But we'll not go too far, we'll promise you that—not that we care to please you, for you have just brains enough to know when you're pleased, and knowing this you smile; and your smile is something awful, even for a ghoul. We'd rather displease you so that your native imbecility may remain intact in your facial expression. This isn't going too far, is it? On the contrary, rather conservative, isn't it?

THAT D'Oyley Carte is a little English Barnum in an abbreviated form. He is playing of all sorts of bum shows on us on various pretences. It was he who made Oscar Wilde a subject for exhibition, although there was nothing of extraordinary interest in the aesthete—that is, to look at—for we have men in this country with longer hair than he has and tramps with wilder looks and thinner legs than his. Yet Oily D'Oyley managed to get the public to give up \$30,000 by displaying Oscar and whacked up that sum even with his "attraction." To most people this would be enough. But Oily D'Oyley is back again. He starts out Oscar over a new route and begins to work up the poet Swinburne for a lecturing tour. There are just asses enough in this country to enable Oily D'Oyley to rake in \$60,000 this season with his double company. These are only side shows, however, for the great Oily D'Oyley is deep in comic operatic speculations with a fierce and financial English Miss, who has a glare of covetousness in her weather eye. This Miss Lenoir is said to represent Gilbert and Sullivan's interest in these speculations and she does so with a high hand. With this Miss at the helm and everything going her way it seems like tempting Providence to make things go "amiss." Indeed, the petti coat government, though, is complete and some of the incidents of the season consequent on the assertion of female authority in the premises would make a first-class subject for a comic opera from the pen of Gilbert himself. The operatic standard of the Standard Theatre is a petticoat and it is once more flung to the breeze. Oily D'Oyley and the coy, artless Miss Lenoir began their season there on the 26th ult., with the comic opera "Les Manteaux Noirs," ("The Black Mantles") which proved a so-so piece of semi-melodious stupidity, with plenty of jingle jangle, catchpenny music, not a single number of which was thoroughly original. The composer had gone back fifty years in his search for old tunes to dress up, elaborated and disguised in a popular catchy shape. This is trenching on Dave Braham's ground—that is the way he composes the rattling melodies that catch the popular fancy and are whistled on street corners in every city in the Union. Dave knows how to get down to the popular level, though, and this "Manteaux Noir" fellow doesn't, that's the difference. But these actors and singers that Oily D'Oyley brings over—there's a point we want to be heard on. See here, now, D'Oyley, you mustn't take *carte blanche* in this matter of public torture because there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue and the people may take to tearing up the seats and searching the grocery stores for ancient eggs before visiting your theatre. The comic acting of some of these people modeled on the French school, is something awful. Let up, Oily, let up—do. We cry enough. Don't heel the public in this way when you've got it down. We call on Miss Lenoir as Oily D'Oyley's boss and second to take him off.

THE public can depend alone on the truth and fearlessness of the POLICE GAZETTE in dramatic criticism. We take no bribes in the shape of dramatic advertisements or free tickets and we can afford to tell the whole truth at once in regard to plays and actors who have no way of putting the screws on us as they have on the less independent papers. For instance, every dramatic critic except the sour and imperturbable "cuss" who does duty for the POLICE GAZETTE has glossed over the failures of the early season in New York and elsewhere or has boldly asserted that failures were successes in the very teeth of such intelligent portions of the public as attend the first night performances and judged for themselves. Nor did they let up in their praises until the managers, seeing the jig was up and failure was undeniable, gave them permission to do so. Now, the papers begin to excuse the failures and tell why the managers will not take their limping attractions out on the road for long tours. In other words they are acknowledging that they lied in their first night criticisms to please the managers, their masters, and to deceive and swindle the public. This is fine self-stultification on the part of the press of the country. The public, however, is not the ass that the managers and critics think it. It can discriminate between the honest criticism of the unbought POLICE GAZETTE and the crooked puffs of the managers' journalistic slaves. Facts are in our favor. Investigate the record and see how it stands. We said Maggie Mitchell couldn't make the new play, "Elsa," go—that there was nothing in it worth the public's money. The critics obeyed orders and declared it a success. The public, swindled for a week, dropped at last on the advice of the

POLICE GAZETTE and the piece was withdrawn and shelved forever. The critics now acknowledge they lied and that it was a failure from the start. We said old Slime's melodramatic speculation, "Mankind," was "rot," predicted that it would and recorded that it did fizzle. The reporters owned by old Slime were obliged to predict that it would and record that it did succeed, under penalty of losing their free tickets and the theatre "ads." Now that the manager is ready to withdraw the monstrosity they are permitted to state that it was not a go. We said that Sammy of the Entrails had the worst play ever witnessed in his "Taken From Life" and that Wallack's new English company was a crowd of diffusers from the penny gaffs of London. The pastebord and advertising agent critics all declared, on box office orders, that it was the best play ever presented to the metropolis and that Wallack's company was the most refined combination of artists that ever honored this benighted land. After two weeks' vain attempt to make the thing go the managers got into a row over the losses and began to give each other away. Sammy of the Entrails began to say Wallack's company was gathered from all sorts of London back slums, and Moss retorted that Colville's play was no good and would be the same disastrous failure in any hands. This gave away the entire situation and left the critics in a neutral hole between the two combatants. The attitude of the POLICE GAZETTE in the matter is the same honorable one as at the start. There is no backing and filling on our part. We command confidence for our fearlessness and honor for our fair judgment. There was the "Romany Rye" at Booth's, too. What did we say about it? Didn't we say it would be a failure? And didn't all the paid slave creatures tickle the managers and earn their free tickets by predicting a furore and declaring its success? And what is it? A dreary, dismal, doleful failure of the most pronounced sort. Even the paid critics begin to go back on their first night puff criticisms. They are, acting on orders, beginning to find that Georgia Cayvan is too light in her style to play the heavy part of the gypsy maiden and are ending fault with other members of the company. Do you know what this means? It is either preparing Miss Cayvan and others to submit to a big reduction of salary or reconciling the public to the substitution of a lot of low-salaried fakes for the well paid people who now fill the cast. It is a sign that the piece is not sufficiently successful to draw money to pay the salary list. In other words, the bottom is knocked out of the tub just as the POLICE GAZETTE predicted. We are sure that portion of the public which, in spite of our honest warnings, paid its money and was swindled by these worthless shows will place reliance in us alone hereafter and will look to us hereafter for advice before investing in amusements. We promise to be as faithful and as fearless in the future as in the past. We are the public's, not the managers', and we shall serve it honestly in this matter of dramatic criticism as in everything else. We are on the pay roll of no theatre, we accept no advertisements from any dramatic show and when free tickets are sent us we return them to the sender and pay our money for admission. This latter fact is so unusual that the theatre managers on whom we have forced our money seem paralyzed by the anomaly. They can hardly believe the POLICE GAZETTE dramatic critic is really a newspaper man, since, they say, they never saw such a journalist. We have no doubt the kind they see they own. We don't wish to be "seen," hence we pay and take our place modestly among the public without going once to the private office for our free drinks nor to the box office for our free tickets and our pay. The POLICE GAZETTE is rich enough to be honest and honest enough to tell the truth without fear or favor. Hence its dignified position now, while all the rest of the papers are squirming to get out of the mud in which they got themselves by the slavish relations of their publishers and themselves to the free ticket dispensing managers.

RENO'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

The Disgraced Army Officer Keeping His Hand in with Cupid's Arrows.

There is another blast of scandal from Cape May, which has been peculiarly fruitful in "off color" galantries during the summer season. The last one reported however is a daisy, including a jealous lover, a discarded suitor, a challenge to a duel and many appeals to the press for secrecy.

William Howell of Howell & Bros., the bankers on Third street, Philadelphia, is said to be the challenged man and Major Reno, known in connection with the Custer massacre and since cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, is the challenger. The fair cause of war is Mrs. Waterman of Philadelphia, who is said to be engaged to Mr. Howell. She was spending the summer at Cape May.

While at the seashore she was introduced at the Columbia House to Major Reno, who brought all his martial charms to bear upon the widow. She regarded him with favor and he was often her escort. But Mr. Howell, hearing of his successful carpet campaign, informed Mrs. Waterman that Major Reno's record was not unblemished and that his western escapades had caused his dismissal from the army. Thereupon Mrs. Waterman told the Major what she had heard. The Major's martial ire was aroused and he at once sent the broker a demand for the satisfaction due a gentleman and an officer.

Mr. Howell was seen at his residence and denied all knowledge of the affair and said the rumors of the gossip were all wrong. He had not received any challenge, he said, and he did not know Major Reno. He admitted however there was a Mrs. Waterman at Cape May during the summer. The broker, the gossips insist, did receive the challenge and doesn't want it talked about because he took water and declined the invitation to the field of honor. It is understood he does not consider the matter fair, since fighting is the Major's trade.

HE LOVED MILK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A New York tramp has been enjoying a novel banquet for several weeks. Frequenting the city parks on fair days when the nurses were out in force he has taken advantage of their proneness to flirt to abstract the nursing bottles from the baby carriages and feast himself on their contents. He has often used force, and when no men were around has boldly snatched the bottle from the infant's hand and nursed himself in spite of the protests of the maids and the squalls of their charges. He has escaped thus far and is probably working the parks in succession in some other locality. Look out for him.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

A COLORED free-will Baptist parson named Haines, of Marshall, Texas, was arrested on the 16th ult., charged with having skipped with a large amount of money which had been entrusted to him by his congregation to buy a lot of ground, and erect a church building.

DURING a revival meeting at a colored Methodist church in Louisville, Ky., on the 19th ult., a negro woman named Martha Taylor, aged 50, became so frantic under religious excitement, occasioned by the fervid exhortations of the preacher, that she made a prodigious leap and plunged headlong out of a window, falling fifteen feet to the ground and severely injuring herself.

SARAH ELSTONE, of Woodstock, Mo., experienced religion in August, and got it so bad that she wanted to go to heaven right away. With her imagination inflamed with the pictures of eternal bliss drawn by the religious exhorters, she finally could stand it no longer. On the 19th ult., she built a bonfire in her door yard, and with the cry "I am going to Jesus," flung herself into the flames. She was horribly and fatally burned.

THE Rev. J. C. Sullivan, the elderly pastor of the Salem, O., Methodist church, has got into a scrape with a young lamb of his flock, and the whole thing came out on the 23d ult. Eight or nine months ago there came to Salem from Maine, a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Halwic. They rented a humble dwelling and the lady hung out a dressmaker's sign. The husband was often abroad on business, and his wife secured as a companion, a handsome young lady. The husband made improper advances to this young woman one day on returning from one of his trips, and she not only rebuffed him, but told his wife. Then there was a rumour and a separation. The husband explained that he had returned home because he had heard whispers that something was wrong in his home, and especially that the young lady companion was no fit associate for his wife. He had made advances to her to test the truth of these stories. The real cause of the separation was, he avers, the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Sullivan towards his wife. The latter acknowledges that he pitted the lady in her lonely condition and used to accompany her home nights from meeting, on one occasion purchasing a watermelon, carrying it for her and going into the house to help her eat it. He also admitted having written a very foolish love letter to her which had caused his dismissal by the officers of the church and had ruined his reputation. The young lady companion states that the matter of dispute between the Halwics, was the intimacy of Mrs. H. with the parson. She says the Rev. Mr. Sullivan used to call every day and on several occasions had tarried from early morning to far into the night, all alone with Mrs. Halwic. The parson's love letter, she said, was the silliest love-sick effusion she ever read, containing among other choice drives, the following concluding sentence, which settled the domestic hash: "Darling, I hunger to embrace you, my only one, and press your pouting, pretty, and persimmon-like lips to mine." The persimmons must have been green and bitter, for the "beloved pastor" is making very wry faces now.

A NEW COACHING GAME.

How Fashionable Travelers While Away the Time on the Road.

"Colonel Swoyer," says a letter from Richfield to the *Utica Observer*, "is the originator of a popular new form of entertainment for parties of two or more riding in the cars or other vehicles or walking. It is called coaching whist and is instructive to young people as well as interesting to the old and young as the means of passing time easily on long trips. When the party sits its members divide into sides. They observe and count all the living things they meet and each has a value in a game of 200 points. For example, all four-footed animals, with the exception noted, count 10 points each; chickens and two-footed creatures 5 each; a cat 25; cat in a door 50 and a pussy in a window 250 or a game.

"Nothing in harness counts. An old lady carrying a folded umbrella counts 100 and a blind man led by a dog 500, or two games. This season Colonel Swoyer's family and their friends have not had an idle or stupid moment on their trip. Miss Marie being a favorite with the coachmen, they have always played into her hands. For example, when driving along the road if they come to a number of chickens, ducks, geese or cattle in the road they would skillfully direct their horses so that the count would be Miss Marie's side of the coach and her score leads all others. Commander Clark and other gentlemen on the road to Otsego lake wrote to their friends on the route to have their cats prominently displayed in the window when they passed, as a nice supper was depending on the result. Colonel Swoyer and others got an inkling of the arrangement and caused the ladies to request a change of seats in the Tally Ho coach as a particular favor. Of course the gentlemen were too gallant to refuse this request and the ladies soon won a sufficient number of games to secure suppers for the season. Uninitiated people who passed that way were surprised to notice the large number of cats that were found sunning themselves in the windows of every other house that day."

WALTER E. BROWN.

Champion Wrestler of the Boston Police Department.

[With Portrait.]

Walter E. Brown, of the Boston Police Department, who is to wrestle James Quigley, of the New York Police force, on Oct. 12, at Irving Hall in this city, for the championship of the New York and Boston Police Departments, is 34 years old and has been a member of the police force for three years. His height is 5 ft. 9 in., weight 190 lbs., chest measurement 42 in., biceps 17, forearm 13, waist 35½, thigh 25, calf 13. He lifted 2,000 lbs. at the gymnasium and instead of swinging dumb-bells it is claimed he swings blacksmith's anvils. Boston sporting men and the members of the police force at the Hub pronounce him a marvel and will back him heavily to defeat Quigley.

The conditions of the match are for the rival champions to wrestle one hour Greco-Roman and one hour collar-and-elbow. The winner of the greater number of falls will receive the medal for which each subscribed \$50 and two-thirds of the gate money.



ISAAC BARBER,
MURDERER, WANTED AT WEST UNION, IOWA,
AND \$1,000 REWARD OFFERED.

with a fishing line, she climbed playfully into the rigging one fair day, and while her rival and the amorous tar were lallygagging on a coil of rope managed to hook off her beautiful wig. The expose made a scene that made much laughter and came near starting a grand scandal. It required four sailors to hold the women apart. They did not speak again during the voyage, and it was only because they were closely watched that they did not fight.

Satan in the Enemy's Camp.

The devil has never been so bold as during the summer just past. Not content with dancing his fiendish can-can in the abandoned pulpits of the city churches, he has gone boldly out into the lurking places of the parsons and raised the mischief among the choicest of the lambs. The Old Boy has had his clientele in the camp meetings too, and the newest of the converts have frequently laid themselves out to raise the devil in some form or other in the camps of the elect. A party of young scapegraces demoralized an experience meeting of old women near Paterson, N. J., the last week in August by extemporizing a devil which, duly illuminated, was paraded at the proper moment in the climax of the vivid



SATAN IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

A CHILD'S TRICK THAT DEMORALIZED AN ENTIRE CAMP-MEETING NEAR PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

A Marine "Mash" Spoiled.

The actresses who come across the big pond from England consider it a great credit to capture the merry skipper of the steamer, and will go to great pains to make the tough old tar fall in love with them, with all that that implies. They all do it, and so great is the rage for this sort of conquest that we have no doubt, when even Langtry finds herself at sea, it will be her ambition to reign supreme in the Captain's cabin. A couple of actresses who came over to play in one of the latest English melodramatic monstrosities, both claimed the Captain's heart and both went for it with all the arts peculiar to their class. One, however, was shrewd enough to use her stage "props" to assure her victory. She wore habitually an \$80 wig of peculiar reddish brown tresses over her own rather scanty hair. She carried the day, and the Captain passed all his idle hours in sweet flirtations with her, to the dismay of her rival. This put the latter to all the resources of her wit to at least obtain revenge, if she could not win the prize. Accordingly, furnishing herself



SHE KNOCKED HIM OUT.

AN ATHLETIC WIFE DRAGS HER HUSBAND FROM THE RING NEAR PITTSBURG, PA., AND LAYS OUT HIS ANTAGONIST.



A MARINE "MASH" SPOILED.

A JEALOUS ACTRESS HOOKS OFF HER RIVAL'S STAGE WIG TO OPEN THE EYES OF THE ENSLAVED SKIPPER OF THE STEAMER.

picture drawn of hell and its imps in the prayer of the exhorter. The appearance shocked and demoralized the best of them, stampeding the boldest of the saints who had cast defiance in the teeth of the enemy of man. This childish trick, strange as it may seem, really frightened all the grown people in the camp. Truly it seems the children who laughed on the occasion must draw the inference that the brave professions of prayers and sermons are all very well in their theories, but in practice will not work for a cent

Two Murderers Wanted.

Sheriff L. L. Farr of West Union, Iowa, offers a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest of Isaac and William Barber, the murderers of Marlon Shepard. They are described as follows:

Isaac Barber, about 5 feet 6, heavy build, florid or dark complexion, blue eyes, weight about 165 to 170, carries head down, stoop shouldered, never looks straight in the face, supposed to be shot about face, about 23 years old, hair and mustache light brown, but recently colored black; when last seen had on snuff colored clothes with raised figure, soft black hat and new boots. William Barber, about 5 feet 11,



WILLIAM BARBER,
MURDERER, OF WEST UNION, IOWA; \$1,000
REWARD, DEAD OR ALIVE.

sandy or light complexion, weight 185, carries head erect, hat on one side of head, eyes dark hazel, mustache and hair recently colored black, about 23 years old.

Sheriff Farr states, for the guidance of those who may recognize these criminals from their portraits in the POLICE GAZETTE and may undertake to gain the \$1,000 reward by arresting them:

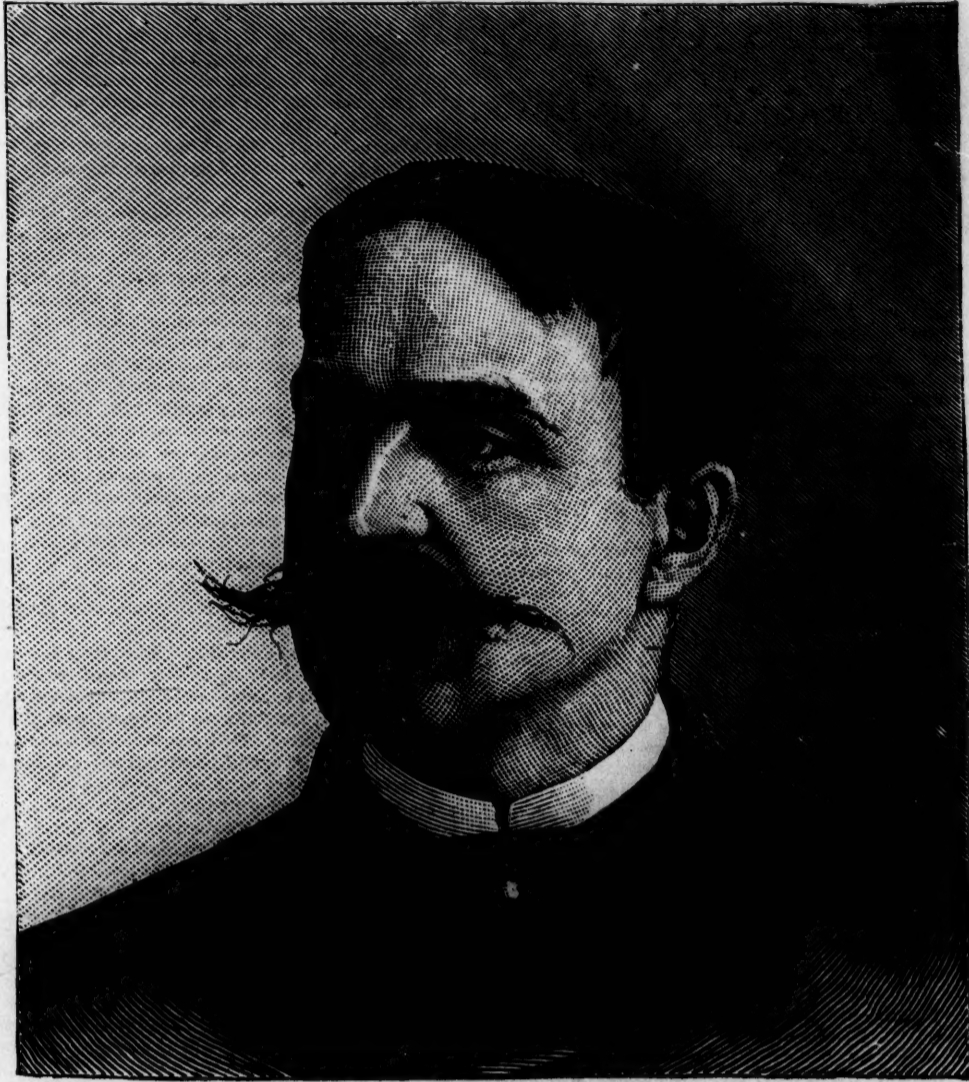
"You should be especially watchful for the next thirty days, as they may be driven from their hiding place, and pass in your locality. They are desperate and fully aware of the crimes against them and will escape if possible. Govern yourself accordingly. They are wanted dead or alive."

"The supposed shot in face or forehead may be slight and not show by this time."

Two Indiana boys, neither of them fifteen years old, stole money of their father in such a way that a hired man had a close call from going to prison. It was only when the youngest boy had a shake of ague that he chattered out the truth. The hired man is not now an advocate of an patent medicine for the cure of ague,



MAY WILKES.



HORACE VINTON.

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

May Wilkes.

For some years past Miss Wilkes has been a popular favorite on the stage of the Pacific Slope. Her record at the California Theatre is one of the most flattering ever scored by an actress in San Francisco, and in various starring tours North and South of the Pacific she has confirmed the verdict of her city audiences. Her versatility, intelligence and power of characterization marked her out as one of the strongest women on the western stage, and a few seasons back attracted the attention

company this year, and from the success he has won it is safe to predict that Oily Jemmy will not have him for a victim in the season to come.

W. R. Nims.

This gentleman, whose portrait we give in this issue, is the proprietor of Lakeview Stock Farm, one of the largest establishments of the kind in Michigan. He is the owner of Lothair 2:29 1/2, Western Fearnought, 2:36, Fallnaught and Maine Hambletonian. Last year he campaigned the two noted trotters Lady Brownell, 2:25 3/4, and Belle of Lexington, 2:26 3/4. The former he has disposed of, the latter will probably remain in his hands with greater success in 1882. Mr. Nims has a great number of promising youngsters that show they are of the right stuff.

"Spang" the Newsboy.

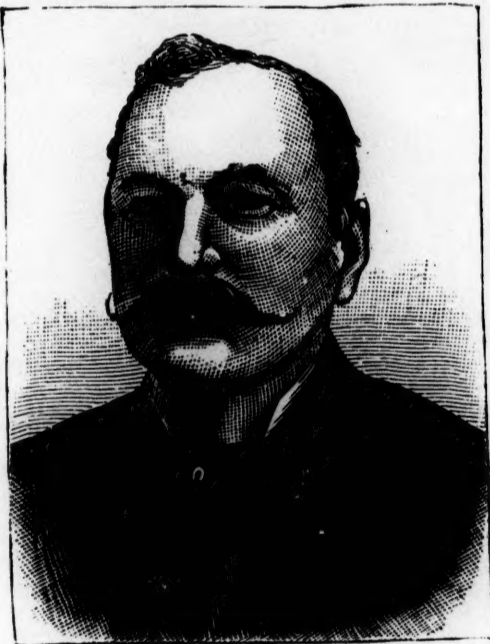
The news agent of the West is a character thoroughly American, who is unknown in any other country. We present in this issue the portrait of William Stover of Evansville, Ind., a typical character of this class—one of those

whose enterprise and energy would carry them through any business, and whose devotion to the public is in keeping with the dash and go ahead spirit of Americans. Hailing from Evansville, Ind., he is known over many railroad routes of the West for his enterprise and business energy. He sells papers on the transfer packets between Evansville and Henderson, Ky., and generally is a disseminator of news through the country, whose efforts are co-efficient with those of the schoolmaster in extending the area of intelligence throughout the land.

A Love Romance.

Seven years ago, Mr. Meyer of Erie, Pa., taking offence at the attentions paid his wife by one Frederick Grubb, a boarder, arose in the night and left his home as he avowed, forever, first firing the house and nearly roasting the wife and the boarder aforesaid. Grubb had already a wife and seven children, so his relations with Mrs. Meyer made a scandal. Therefore they packed up their goods and eloped to Cleveland, O. Grubb wanted Mrs. Meyer to marry him

for years, but she refused, fearing that her husband would return. At last, however, she yielded to her lover's importunities and they were married about the 1st of September. A few days after the wedding however, Meyer turned up like Enoch Arden to claim his wife, who is now 64 years old. Grubb resented the intrusion and had the husband sent to the almshouse as a vagrant. The bride thereupon decided to leave the bridegroom, and Grubb cut the knot himself—divorcing himself with a revolver which sent a bullet through his brain.



CAPT. WILLIAM W. BUSH,

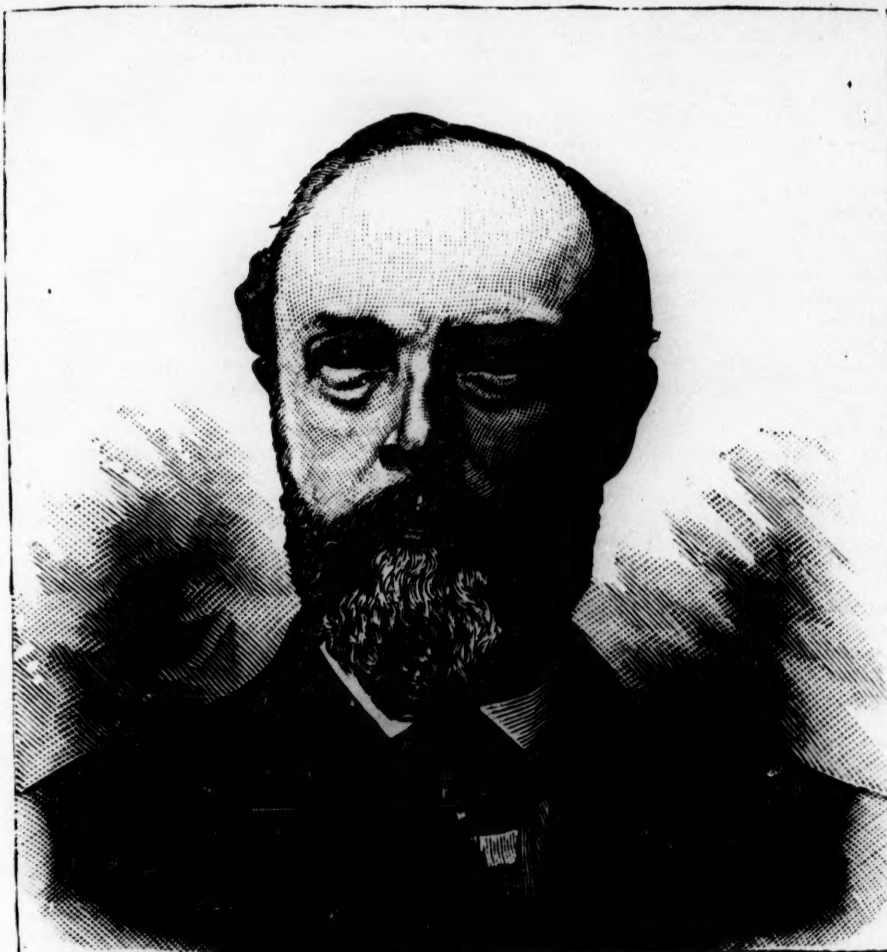
ENDORSED BY THE GRAND ARMY AS THE FIRST VOLUNTEER FOR THE LATE WAR.

of the Union Square management to her. She rejected the offer of an engagement here at the time, and it was only at the commencement of the present season that she ventured East.

Her debut was made a month or so ago in New York in the part of Cicely Blaine in Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave," at the Windsor Theatre. Her success was instantaneous and was repeated wherever the company appeared. It only remains for Miss Wilkes to be granted an opportunity of displaying her strength in a worthy part for her to be established permanently as one of the most powerful actresses on our stage.

Horace Vinton.

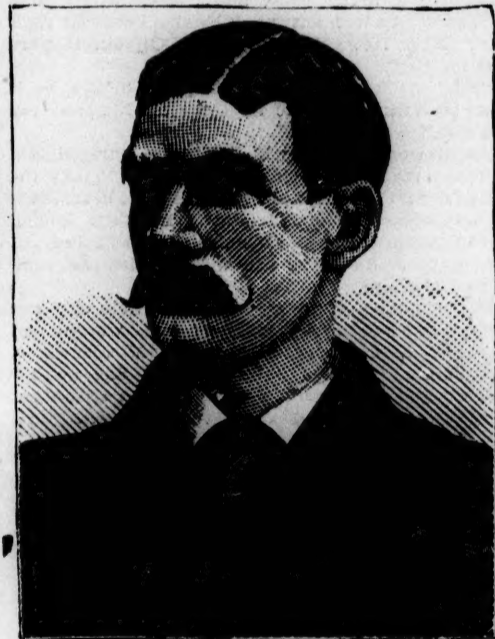
Mr. Vinton, now playing *Clifford Armitage* in the "Lights O' London" company, which has the bad fortune to be managed by the ex-slogger and gin mill aristocrat, J. W. Collier, is one of the most capable actors of the younger generation on the American stage. Mr. Vinton made a profound impression last season in the part of *Cassagne* in support of Rose Eytinge as *Felicia*. It is his misfortune, not his fault, to be in bad



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

W. R. NIMS.

OWNER OF A FAMOUS STOCK FARM AT LAKEVIEW, MICH., AND BREEDER OF FINE TROTTER HORSES.



WILLIAM STOVER,

"SPANG" THE NEWSBOY, AN ENTERPRISING CHARACTER OF EVANSVILLE, IND.

The First Volunteer of the Rebellion.

We present in this issue a portrait of Capt. W. W. Bush, late of the 28th Regt. N. Y. Volunteers of Sanborn, Niagara County, N. Y., who is endorsed by Alex. Mahon Post, No. 125 of the Grand Army, as being the very first man who volunteered for the war of the Rebellion. The veterans of New York State are now contributing money for a testimonial to the veteran.

A REMARKABLE criminal, William H. Fairchild, died on the 19th ult. of heart disease in the Leavenworth, Kansas, penitentiary, where he was serving sentence for a cruel murder which his smart lawyers had made the law view as a low grade of manslaughter. He had only brained an old man aged 60, beating out his brains with an axe, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Though only 32 years old this criminal had been the inmate of three penitentiaries having been confined successively at Columbus, O., at Jackson, Mich., and at Leavenworth, Kansas. He leaves three living wives—one with a little child in Toledo, O., another in Midland, Michigan, and another in Chicago.

CUPID'S CRIMES;

OR,

THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE.

By the Author of "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Secrets of the Tomb," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A WRONGED WIFE'S VENGEANCE.

Prior to the year 1840, a certain Captain Howard was a noted "swell" in the Queen City of the West. He was a polished gentleman, of fine appearance, and wealthy. He was fond of pleasure, and had on many occasions grievously outraged by his amours the feelings of his wife, and they lived separately in consequence. Captain Howard received his title in consequence of running a steamboat between New Orleans and Cincinnati. He was free with his money, and very popular.

There was a young girl in Cincinnati who attracted the attention of a large portion of the male population of the city, first by the exposed position in which she had placed herself, and second by her marvelous beauty. She kept a little cigar shop on one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city. To keep a store at all was at that time a most unusual thing for a woman to do in that city, and to keep a cigar store was considered infamous, because she appealed to men only for custom, and of their patronage she had plenty.

The store was always crowded, even those who did not need her wares being attracted to her place of business to catch a sight of "the beautiful cigar girl," as she was called. Her beauty was of the Spanish type, and as she had not even an assistant, the scandal that her bold and immodest act caused among good Cincinnati maids and matrons was unprecedented. They would walk squares to avoid passing her little store, and if they were obliged to pass it, would hurry by, but not forgetting to cast a side glance into the store, only to have their horror and disdain redoubled at the sight of her exquisitely-molded bare arm outstretched handing a light to a gentleman.

Those were the days in which even Southern ladies wore low-necked dresses and short sleeves in the daytime. The beautiful cigar girl was a Creole, and it began to be whispered among the fast set who frequented her store, and to whose overtures she turned a deaf ear, that Captain Howard had brought her from New Orleans to escape the jealous suspicion of his wife and scandal generally, and set her up in a little cigar store. Here she became the object of so much curiosity and disagreeable masculine attention, that the captain determined to risk everything and remove her from the city. He therefore furnished a house and placed her in it, abandoning the store altogether. They lived for some time in undisturbed pleasure and immorality, only marred by the absence of Howard on his trips to New Orleans.

At length the busy tongue of the middle penetrated to Mrs. Howard. On learning that her husband had dared to live openly with a woman, she determined to ascertain the truth for herself and be revenged accordingly.

She came to Cincinnati and learned the captain's address, then arming herself with a sharp knife, she took her way to the house and knocked at the door. Her summons was answered by the beautiful cigar girl. Mrs. Howard asked her if Captain Howard was in.

"No," replied the unsuspecting girl; "No, he is not; but I can attend to anything for him, as I am his wife."

At this word the true wife became so enraged that pulling forth the knife she had "brought" to take the life of her husband, she plunged it into the heart of his ill-fated mistress, who fell dead at her feet. Hiding the bloody weapon under her cloak, the wife fled, but had not gone far before she was arrested and committed to prison.

On the tidings of the murder the whole city was thrown into a blaze of excitement. Men, women and children all agreeing that the victim of Mrs. Howard's sharp knife had been rightly served. She was arraigned, and her lawyer, desiring to take advantage of the universal sentiment in her favor, insisted on a speedy trial.

A case of murder in the first degree was made out. Inevitably caused by the wrong she had suffered as a wife was not proven, but the people were determined she should be acquitted.

The jury were out about fifteen minutes, and their verdict was, "Not guilty, by reason of insanity."

Crowds of people followed her to her hotel, shouting and huzzing. A great dinner had been prepared, and the prisoner, sheriff, her lawyer and her jury of twelve men dined together, to the accompaniment of the cheering of the multitude outside. After dinner she was taken to jail—thence to a lunatic asylum, from which she was soon discharged, and with her four children left that part of the country altogether. What became of the cause of all the trouble, the dashing captain, history does not say.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCARDED SUITOR'S CRIME.

Andrew J. Gillen was a young man of a good New York family. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, where his talent was recognized and he was regarded as a rising member. He was well known throughout the 13th ward, and was a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee.

He tried for the nomination for Assemblyman from his district during the general election of 1880, but not a delegate in the convention voted for him. This had the effect of turning him temporarily to drink and idleness, although he was never a drunkard. In August, 1877, having had a rupture with his father and stepmother, he took a room in Hall's Hotel, at the corner of Grand and Tompkins streets, where he remained a regular lodger.

In person, Gillen was a man of 26, with a small, thin mustache and bushy black side whiskers, regular features, straight nose, a high, broad forehead, wavy brown hair. The lips were the only part of his face which detracted from his otherwise attractive appearance. They were thin and of the type generally denominated as sinister. His manner was pleasing and in conversation he was a fluent, bright and intelligent talker.

Mary Sigerson was a lady who lived with her mother and two brothers, in Lewis street, New York. Michael H. Sigerson, one of the brothers, was Assistant Corporation Attorney. The other, John Sigerson,

was formerly member of Assembly, from the Sixth Assembly District. Her father died in 1878. She was handsome, well educated and attractive. Until her father died she was much occupied with church duties, but after her father's death she was obliged to stay at home most of the time during the day to keep her mother company. Her brothers were very fond of her, and Michael seldom appeared in society except in her company.

Among the admirers who paid court to Mary Sigerson was Andrew J. Gillen. He entertained a strong affection for her. His affection was not returned by her, though she always treated him kindly. Her brothers had befriended him, and she was accustomed when he went to the house on business or to see her brothers, to look on him with a kind of sisterly interest. This, he probably mistook for love. At least, he considered himself deeply wronged when he found his suit as a lover unsuccessful. It is said that Miss Sigerson told him that she was older than he, and tried to soften her refusal by saying her brother Michael regarded their ages as a barrier to their marriage. Michael Sigerson had aided Gillen in various ways while Gillen was a law student and after he was admitted to the bar, but no sentiment of gratitude prevented the rejected suitor from heartily hating him when he came to believe that his benefactor was the chief barrier to the young man's union with the benefactor's sister.

Garrett Graham thought it strange that Andrew J. Gillen began regularly to visit his saloon on the southwest corner of Lewis and Delancey streets, at the end of October, 1880, because the year before they had had a slight quarrel. He thought it still more strange that Gillen should spend nearly all of each afternoon in a certain seat by a certain show window. In this window was a large picture which shielded Gillen from view from the street, while it allowed him to look up the street through one side of the show window. Mr. Graham puzzled his head to think what Gillen was doing and finally concluded that he had done something out of the way as a lawyer and was keeping out of somebody's sight, or else that he was doing detective business for the firm at 115 Broadway by which he was employed.

The eyes of the watcher in reality rested on the stoop of a handsome three-story and basement brick house at 33 Lewis street on the east side and a little beyond the middle of the block. It was the house in which the Sigerson family resided. It is a matter of conjecture why Gillen watched the house, but it is thought that he was waiting for Miss Sigerson to come out, with the intention of shooting her on the street and immediately afterward shooting himself. Whatever was his purpose, he kept his vigil up for two weeks. Then his time came.

About 4:30 o'clock on the afternoon of Nov. 10 he sent a message to that house asking Miss Mary Sigerson if he could see her alone. His messenger returned with the answer that her mother was with her, and that he could not see her except in her mother's presence. At 5 o'clock he left his post of waiting and went to the house. Mrs. Sigerson yielded to his entreaties and admitted him to the house. She followed him up the stairs. He entered the parlor, which was on the second floor, and remained there and she went into the dining-room, where she busied herself in preparing supper. What occurred after that was told by the mother in the following words:

"My daughter met Gillen merely as a friend," said she. "She regarded it as a social visit merely. My daughter came back into the dining-room to get a glass of water for herself. As I was preparing the supper I heard my daughter say, 'Make this man take his hand off of me.' I looked around and saw that he had his left arm around her neck. With his right hand as he stood facing her he held a pistol to her right temple. She screamed and I sprang to help her but it was too late. The pistol went off. My daughter fell and never spoke again. I had hold of his wrist as the shot was fired."

Gillen ran down stairs as soon as the shot was fired and tried to get out of the front door but could not unlock it. He went out of the rear door bareheaded into the yard and thence through an alleyway to Lewis street. He carried his smoking pistol in his hand. Running to an alleyway between 23 and 30 Lewis street he rushed back and climbing a fence, jumped to the roof of a soap factory which is fully sixteen feet below, falling partly on his side. A woman leaning from a window saw the jump and cried to her companion in the room:

"That man must be killed."

"No, I'm not," cried Gillen, "but I will be if I don't get away from here before long."

He then ran over the roof and climbed down to Goerck street. The last seen of him was when he turned into Broome street and ran toward the river, still with the pistol clutched in his right hand.

A rigorous search was made for Gillen but no trace of him was found. A reward was offered for his apprehension and on Thursday, Dec. 24, he was captured at Cedar Keys, Fla. He was on the wharf trying to induce a captain to permit him to work his passage to Key West. He knew that there was no existing extradition treaty between the United States and Cuba and hoped to be able to make his way from Key West to the ever faithful Isle upon which he looked as a harbor of refuge.

After Gillen was arrested he asserted that he had not intended to leave the town and proposed to identify himself to the officers as C. L. Norton, an agent of a firm in Boston, by which name he was registered at the hotel. The officers told him that the proffered evidence was unsatisfactory and he then smilingly assured them that the landlord knew him well and would speedily satisfy them that they had made a mistake in arresting him as the murderer.

The officers escorted him to the hotel and under a pretext of speaking with the proprietor he obtained permission to enter a hallway, where, concealed from their observation, he shot himself in the left side some distance below the heart. His revolver fell from his hand and as the officers came through the door he staggered toward them, saying:

"I am your man; oh, Mary, forgive me."

He lingered a few hours and made a full confession of his crime. After his commission he had stopped in New York that night and the next day and the second night crossed the South Ferry with a relative and stayed in Brooklyn the third night. Thence he had taken passage for Florida.

Almost his last words were an imprecation against the POLICE GAZETTE. It was through a portrait of him published in this journal that the officers at Cedar Keys had recognized him and frustrated his scheme for safety at the moment he was about to realize it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE PARSONS DO IT.

Weaving a Web About a Fair Parishioner and Scratching Her Back in Her Bedroom.

The Rev. John Allison, round, plump, untidy and aged fifty, of Jesup, Iowa, has been having a remarkably nice time on the quiet among the sisters of the Presbyterian faith in the town named, where he has been presiding in the pulpit and at the prayer-meetings. He covered his tracks pretty well but in the past year several damaging whispers were heard regarding his conduct with certain sisters. He silenced these by blustering and beginning two suits each for \$10,000 damages.

On the 6th of September however he got a dead give away and was tumbled heels over head from his high moral pedestal. It was at that date openly charged against him that for some time back he had been deliberately planning the ruin of a young married woman, Mrs. Alice Maffit, wife of William Maffit, a well known merchant of Jesup, and daughter of Dr. Muncey, at whose house the Rev. Allison and his wife were boarders. Allison in going to and from the stable where he had his horse on every made it a point to stop at Mrs. Maffit's residence chatting with her a few moments each time. He always managed to pass when he knew Mr. Maffit was away from home, however. Then he began bringing her flowers every day. She was annoyed and alarmed by these visits and finally begged him not to call again unless he brought his wife with him. He laughed and replied that she was too old fashioned; that he needed sympathy from her. It being suggested that he should go to his wife for it he said she would not sympathize with him as he wished and added that God did not intend us to live as men's laws required us to. He promised, though, that he would either stay away or bring his wife the next time.

In a day or two however he was at it again all alone and more ardently than ever. He had the parson's disease and had it bad. One afternoon when she had gone to bed with a sick headache she heard some one step quietly into her room and take a seat on the foot of the bed. She supposed it was her husband returned from business at an earlier hour than usual, he having known that she was ill when he left the house in the morning.

The bed clothes were pulled from her head and face and she saw the Rev. John sitting smirking and smiling and taking her all in with a lecherous leer. She ordered him to leave but he insisted on remaining and put his hands on her, saying he would cure her by rubbing her back. At the first rub instead of being soothed the woman turned on him like a fury and he was glad to escape from the house. She went at once to her father and mother and told the whole story, but the plausible old parson managed to persuade them that their daughter had mistaken his intentions. Moreover, he said, the new Presbyterian church was to be opened in a few days and he expected to raise a large sum of money at the first meeting. If any such scandalous story were given breath the cause would languish and the faithful would not be likely to come to the front with their contributions. Like devout church people they consented that religion should mask its nasty prophet and they persuaded their daughter to keep the secret from her husband and the rest of the world.

When Mrs. Maffit saw the air of this man in the pulpit and listened to his high moral precepts and compared them with his back-scratching process she was disgusted and resentful. She told her husband of the indignity and he was flamed with fury. Nothing would do but he must send the back-scratcher straight into paradise by the short cut. He was restrained however and a church row broke out. Half of the members were in favor of firing out the parson who had been already hired for another year and the other half were on the fence waiting for proofs of his guilt.

FATAL DUEL IN A CHURCH.

Two Young Men Shoot Each Other to Death in the Baptist Church at Hampton Cross Roads.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A thrilling tragedy occurred in the Baptist church, at Hampton Cross Roads, Va., on the 26th ult. The service was quietly in progress when the worshippers were suddenly aroused from their devotions by the extraordinary scene of two men named Jerry Cox and Levi Bryson standing erect, engaged in a quarrel in their pews. The men drew revolvers and began a bloody duel in the midst of the church, firing wildly and recklessly, regardless of consequences.

The scene of excitement was indescribable, and the people rushed to the doors and endeavored to make their escape as rapidly as possible. The women and children shrieked, and in the rush to the doors many people were seriously bruised. The duellists were so thoroughly infuriated against each other that they forgot everybody but themselves and continued to load and keep up the fire fiercely. The mystery is that more lives were not lost. One bullet passed through a lady's bonnet. In the midst of all this, when the entire congregation were in an uncontrollable state of excitement, the clergyman remained coolly at his post and continued to preach while the combatants continued to fire. Though his words were inaudible, he felt as if he were directing the artillery of heaven against the sinful practices of men, and regarded their small arms as beneath his notice. He looked from the pulpit with scorn upon their unnatural weapons of warfare, and was still unmoved, though several bullets passed over his head, and one tore through the cushion on which his bible was placed.

All attempts to separate the combatants proved fruitless, and they were eventually left a wide space. Bryson received a shot in the breast and fell mortally wounded in one of the pews, but he did not succumb at once. Arousing all his dying energies, he raised himself on his elbow, and, taking aim, fired another shot at his opponent, which took immediate effect in the heart. Both men fell dead almost simultaneously.

Cox and Bryson were both young men. The direct quarrel between the duellists grew out of a controversy about the ownership of a wagon which Cox charged Bryson with appropriating. There was an old feud, however, between their respective families which had been warmly nursed for over forty years. During the Seminole war the fathers of the duellists fought under General Coffee. They were messmates, and strange to say both loved the same girl. They quarreled concerning her, and Bryson shot Cox in the left shoulder in what was regarded as a frontier duel. Bryson left the army, returned to his plantation and married the young woman who was the cause of the quarrel. Cox came back in due time, married and settled down,

and never forgave Bryson for cheating him out of the woman he loved. As their families grew up they were taught to hate one another.

About two years ago, the men who slew each other in church quarreled about a woman, and were on the verge of a duel with rifles when the woman eloped with a minister from an adjoining village. When Bryson started for church on Sunday morning he forgot his pistol. He proceeded for a half mile or such a matter and then went back for it. He had been practicing at a target for several weeks past, and on last Tuesday sent word to Cox by a friend that he proposed to shoot him on sight. Cox likewise carried a pistol to church, and when Bryson drew his weapon he did likewise. Both men fired about the same time, and then a regular fusillade was kept up until Bryson fell with a bullet through his lungs. Eye-witnesses state that when he fell it was partially across a cushion, and that his pistol hand rested across its back in the direction of Cox. He did not utter a word, but pressed the trigger in his death struggle. The weapon was a self-cocking one, and it exploded, its ball finding the heart of Cox. Justice Matthews held an inquest over the remains the following afternoon.

THE COWBOYS' BATTLE.

Rival Bands of Herders Engage in a Bloody Fight to Settle a Business Point.

[Subject of Illustration.]

George Howard, owner of a herd of 3,000 cattle, and John Keeley, owner of a herd of 4,000, were driving eastward in company from Arizona. North of Trinidad, Col., on the plains, the two herds were to separate. Howard was to take the old Santa Fe trail to Kansas City and Keeley was to drive northward to Denver. On the route accidental exchanges of cattle had been made and Howard insisted on having his stock out but was unwilling to deliver Keeley's and it was finally agreed to settle the matter by a battle between six picked men from each party.

Accordingly twelve men arranged themselves on horseback, the two sides fifty feet apart, and at a given signal from their employers the fight was to begin. At the first fire four men were instantly killed. George Lester of Keeley's party was shot through the breast. One of Howard's men fell with a ball through his head and two others of the same party were shot through the heart. Dismayed, the Howard party with the exception of their employer fled to their camp. Keeley then rode up to Howard and proposed that they should fight it out. Howard declined, saying that he understood the matter to have been settled according to the terms of battle agreed upon beforehand. This settled the matter and an equitable exchange of cattle was then made. The dead were buried by the other men from both parties and the drovers, with their herds in charge, separated for their respective routes.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

A BOARDER at the Queen City Hotel in Denver, Colo., in going to his chamber on the morning of the 19th ult., found a young chambermaid named Mary Fie, aged 15, making the bed. He entered the room, and taking her by surprise threw her on the bed and outraged her, stifling her cries meantime by holding his hand over her mouth. He then escaped, locking her in the room. By the time she had attracted attention and had been released, the man had disappeared, and although the hotel proprietor notified the police, the guest was sought in vain. A nice town is Denver, it seems.

A WELL known building contractor of Denver, Colo., one A. B. Furbish, disappeared from that city on the 18th ult. He left behind mourning creditors in the amount of \$10,000. He was from Maine and had been a resident of Denver only long enough to get a good stake out of the citizens.

GEORGE DEVERS, a farmer of White Sulphur, Ky., went into Georgetown, Ky., on a protracted spree on the 18th ult., and during the evening went about town flourishing a big knife. Marshal G. A. Cole met him and told him to drop the weapon. Thereupon he and his brother attacked the marshal, who shot George Devers dead in his tracks.

A DESPERADO'S ESCAPE.

The Notorious Dick Glass Gets Away from Two Captors.

The notorious negro desperado of Kansas, Dick Glass, who was captured by the detectives after a long hunt and much risk of life, has escaped again. Sheriff Shenneman of Winfield, Kansas, and Sheriff Thalls undertook to convey Glass overland through the Indian Territory to Vinita, where a large reward was offered for the prisoner.

On the third night out, just as they drove up to a ranch to put up, Glass sprang from the wagon and rushed for a thick patch of underbrush near the road. It was about 9 o'clock and very dark. The prisoner was shackled hand and foot and as the sheriffs thought perfectly secure.

He was sitting between them and his actions were so quick that he was two rods away before they got their revolvers on him. They fired twice each but failed to bring him down and nothing more was heard of him. He left a part of the shackles in the wagon and an examination showed that he had fled there nearly in two between the jaws before leaving the jail and had by rubbing his feet together broken them apart. It was also found that Quarles and Vanmeter, the two men now in jail at Winfield, had their shackles filed and the three were to have made a grand rush for liberty on the selfsame night Glass was taken away. Glass has escaped where few men would care to attempt it from two of the shrewdest and bravest officers in the country, who feel very sore about it.

POOR MELVILLE'S MISERY.

When the Arctic hero, Engineer Melville, returned to his home in Sharon, Pa., on the 15th ult., he found his wife intoxicated and she received him with a volley of abuse. Contrary to his expectations she had not cured herself during his absence of her craving for liquor which had often before threatened the ruin of her family. So much worse than ever was her conduct on this occasion however that it was deemed expedient to send her to the insane asylum at Norristown, Pa., and there she is now, while poor Melville after all his sufferings bears this weight of woe which is harder than all to endure.

AMOURS OF A PARSON.

Revelations in the Case of the Rev.
H. O. Hoffman.Some Queer Doings Masked by the
Pulpit, but Exposed by a Methodist
Conference in Illinois.

At Lincoln, Ill., there is a great sensation over the trial before an ecclesiastical court of the Rev. H. O. Hoffman who in February last was deposed from the pulpit of the First Methodist church of Bloomington, Ill., after the investigation of the charge that he had committed fornication with Zeletta C. Robinson, a young and good looking girl who had been a servant in his household. Finding himself in an interesting condition and about to become the mother of a child, she made affidavit that it was Hoffman's and raised a terrible rumour.

The formal charges brought against him at the trial over which Bishop Peck presided were six: first, bastardy, in that on the 9th of March, 1880, he had sexual intercourse with Zeletta Robinson, who gave birth to an illegitimate child of which Hoffman is the father; second, fornication, specifying the relations with Miss Robinson and asserting that on the 31 of January, 1873, and at other times at Quincy, Ill., he had carnal and sexual intercourse with Miss Mattie Ballou; also that on the 1st of January, 1873, the parson visited a house of ill-fame at Rushville, Ill., kept by Mrs. Gray, selected one of the prettiest girls and had carnal intercourse with her in a business-like manner "contrary to the laws of God and the rules of the Methodist church." The 3d charge is adultery with specifications the same as the above. The fourth charge, lasciviousness, is supported by allegations that he kissed a young woman in Bloomington on Jan. 31, 1881, and wrote her love letters dated at midnight; that on Jan. 1, 1880, at Walt's Hotel in Bloomington, he made other lascivious advances to the same unmarried woman whom he had kissed; that on Jan. 1, 1872, at Rushville, Ind., he kissed a Mrs. Irwin and manifested to her a lecherous desire; that on the 1st of Sept., 1875, at Quincy, Ill., he approached a Mrs. Shiraz in a dishonorable way, put his hands on her breasts and manifested a purpose and desire unbecoming a Methodist minister.

Also on the 10th of Nov., 1880, after a passing acquaintance of only a few moments on a former occasion, Hoffman became the guest of William Derryman and wife, members of the Methodist church at Twin Grove, residing three miles from Bloomington, and pretending he wished to visit a parishioner named Spalding got Kate Taylor, a young woman, a member of the family, to go in the wagon with him to show him the way. The two did not go to Spalding's at all but visited a disreputable locality in the woods near Twin Grove Church, remaining there two hours. Another specification under this general charge is also that on Aug. 1, 1878, he approached a young woman in Hillsboro, Ill., with improper proposals.

The fifth charge is forgery. Under this it is specified that when Zeletta Robinson first made the assertion that he had seduced her the Rev. Mr. Hoffman wrote a blackmailing letter in her name to a Mr. J. J. Peddicord, a wealthy banker of Decatur, Ill. In this letter, intended to prejudice the girl's case, was a statement of Zeletta's charges against Hoffman and a demand on Peddicord for \$1,000, ending with the threat that if he did not pay it she would prosecute him for having failed as an officer of Stapp's chapel in Decatur to procure the expulsion of Hoffman for the gross immorality proved against him while pastor of the chapel.

It is alleged that the pastor, Hoffman, forged this letter in the name of the girl. Further it is alleged he forged the name of Mattie Ballou of Quincy, Ill., on Aug. 1, 1876, purporting to be a recantation of charges of immorality she had made against him, whereas Miss Ballou had never recanted but had affirmed the truth of her testimony down to her dying hour.

The sixth charge is falsehood and the specified lies are rolled up in great numbers in the bulky legal document of which the above is a closely condensed abstract. At the opening of the trial on the 21st ult. the accused came up to the scratch smiling and surrounded by a strong force of eminent counsel who proceeded at once to muddle things and weaken the force of the attack.

Zeletta Robinson's testimony was read. It related her service at Hoffman's house as a domestic, her alleged seduction, the birth of the child in Springfield and her movements after that event when demands were made on Hoffman for money with which to support the child. Copies of letters addressed by Hoffman to Zeletta and made part of the evidence of the former trial were then read. The letters were addressed "Little Girl" and concluded with requests to pray for the sender, otherwise "Jim."

The gravity of the committee was disturbed by the reading of the letters, particularly where Jim expressed his habit of praying for his little girl and stated they would get their reward hereafter if not here. The alleged confessional note of Hoffman acknowledging the parentage of Zeletta's unborn child and promising to provide for its support was also read. A paper containing a lock of hair Zeletta said she cut from Hoffman's flowing locks for their boy, was produced as a part of the testimony.

Prof. G. W. Brown, of Jacksonville, an expert, testified that he had examined sermons in Hoffman's handwriting and the Peddicord letter, and he concluded that the writing in the latter was the same hand as the former, only disguised. At the session of the 23d ult. Miss Robinson appeared in court with her baby, a bouncing boy, and was called to the stand. She said that when she left Hoffman's house she agreed on his suggestion that she should represent to every one where she went to obtain employment that she was a widow, and that she made such representations to many persons.

At the session of Sept. 26th the authenticity of the Peddicord letter was established, but the prosecution were prevented from trying to saddle it on Hoffman by questions to that effect. Mr. Peddicord related that scandalous rumors were in circulation in Decatur against Hoffman during his pastorate of Stapp's chapel in the years 1872 and 1873. He was accused of having taken improper liberties with a domestic but said he was innocent and demanded that a church investigation be had. It transpired that he offered her \$100 not

to tell his wife of his request to occupy a bed with her, because he feared it might result disastrously to Mrs. Hoffman's health, as she was then in a precarious condition. Letta Robinson's deposition affirmed the Peddicord letter to be a base forgery, and Jacob Fleming, postmaster of Holder, Zetta's place of residence, deposed that no such letter passed through that office at the time specified. The Twin Grove scandal was strengthened by the evidence of several parties, but only circumstantial evidence was offered against Hoffman in his indiscretions with Kate Taylor. When the prosecution sought to introduce the record in the Quincy case, certain Rushville depositions in support of lasciviousness, they were thwarted by the objections of the defendants, who were sustained by the chair. The defense succeeded in having ruled out specifications 2 and 3 under charge 2, alleging fornication with Mattie Ballou, in Quincy, in 1873, and at Mrs. Gray's house in Rushville during the same year; also specification 1 of the third charge, alleging adultery and fornication; 4 and 5 under the fourth charge, known as lascivious advances toward Miss Irwin at Rushville in 1872, and with Kate Taylor in 1880.

A MODEL CHICAGO HUSBAND.

His Wife Recites a Remarkable Matrimonial Experience.

Mrs. Sarah A. Hibbard, of Chicago, wants a divorce from her husband, William B. Hibbard, whom she accuses of "sloshing around loose" in the development of his amorous capacities. She says when she married him, in September, 1880, at Wauwatosa, Wis., she had \$2,000 in property and a business that paid her \$200 a year more than her living. Although Hibbard was a man of great wealth, having an income of \$20,000 a year, he persuaded her to sell out and give him all her money for safe keeping, but has kept it ever since. They moved to Chicago where they first lived at the Tremont house and then went to housekeeping. But they lived a cat and dog life. She says her husband had a way of choking her, kicking her in the stomach, trying to kill her when she was asleep, having her arrested as a prostitute and a robber, calling her foul names, and staying all night at houses of ill-fame, that she despised. She left him at last and went to keeping a lodging house on Wabash avenue, where he comes occasionally and makes night hideous with his drunken revelry.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

A Lover Who Had to be Coaxed After the Elope-
ment was Spoiled.

At Utica, Ind., William Colvin and his cousin, Annie Colvin, fell desperately in love, but their parents objected to the match. Then they eloped on the 17th ult., going to Jeffersonville, Ind., where they were overtaken and forced to return before they could be married. The young lady made a fearful racket and finally changed the phase of the case so as to gain the old gentleman's consent. The father went to Jeffersonville on the 19th ult., secured a license, and upon his return sent for Colvin to come to the wedding. Turn about being fair he refused to respond. Subsequently the young man and the father of the girl met on the street, and an altercation took place, young Colvin pulling his pop and firing at the old man, the ball striking him in the breast and inflicting only a slight flesh wound, but going through the marriage license in his breast coat pocket. At this juncture the girl appeared upon the scene and peace was restored, hands were clasped and the marriage took place.

A VERY MEAN FRAUD.

A High-Toned Young Bostonian Caught at it and
Caged.

In Portland, Me., James W. Harris, a young provision broker of Boston was, on the 21st ult. held in \$2,500 for trial in the United States court on a charge of using the mails for purposes of fraud. It seems that for some weeks advertisements have been printed in various parts of New England, inviting young ladies to correspond with "T. A. Campbell, box 896, Portland, Me.," promising them \$6 per week to do copying at their homes. When a favorable answer was returned the applicant received a circular demanding a fee of \$1. The authorities, on looking into the matter, found that the name of Campbell was fictitious, and Harris was arrested in the act of opening the box in the post-office. Harris vigorously protested his innocence, and claims that, being about to visit Portland on business, one Arthur, of Boston, handed him the key and asked him as a favor to obtain the contents of the box for him. The officers, however, claim they can establish identity of Harris with Campbell, and that they can make a number of cases against him. The prisoner is respectfully connected in Boston.

SELLING A WHITE SLAVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An extraordinary illustration of the vengeance of fate is conveyed by a Brownsville, Ga., paper. It is only a few years since the black man was bought and sold like so much hardware. Now, according to our Brownsville contemporary, it is Sambo who is doing the selling, the subject being his white wife. The sale came off at a cross-woods' store, and the lady was knocked down for \$120 cash to a white cotton teamster. Then Sambo called all hands in and treated on his bargain. "She's a puffed doll," he is reported to have said; "I've had my hands full of her, and when I gets spliced again, I've gwine to take sumfin brack. Dem damn white folks puts on too many airs for dis chile, yab, yab, yab!"

Much indignation was aroused in the district by the event and preparations were even made to offer up the dusky spouse as a sacrifice, but better counsels prevailed. "If a woman is low enough to live with a nigger," said a local paper, "She isn't too good to be sold by him." And thanks to this argument this little commercial transaction passed into oblivion and the next "cullud gemmen" who has a white wife to get rid of may take advantage of the liberty established by the precedent.

FRED WILSON, FORGER.

[With Portrait.]

We give in this issue the portrait of Fred Wilson, a forger, who escaped from jail at Independence, Iowa, on Aug. 21. He has dark hair and eyes and has a nervous twitching motion when talking. Sheriff E. L. Currier, of Independence, offers \$50 reward for the capture of this man.

THE BANDIT SLAYERS.

Their Visit to the "Police Gazette" Office and
Their Story of Jesse James.

On the 22d ult. the Ford Brothers, Charles and Robert, who have won fame and fortune by shooting down the noted bandit, Jesse James, visited the POLICE GAZETTE office in company with Bunnell, the famous showman, who is their manager. They appear quiet, modest young men, rather retiring indeed in their manner. The elder, Charles, is aged 24 and the younger, Robert, 20. The former is apparently not in good health but the latter is round faced, sturdy and boyish in his manner. Being asked if he had no fear of Frank James, he replied:

"I don't think Frank is in the country. I believe he has gone to England. Shortly after Jesse was killed Frank's wife came from Lynchburg, Va., where they had been living. You see that was the way they did. When they had to leave any part of the country because it was too hot for them they left suddenly and their wives arranged their affairs for them, then packed up and went home for a while. So when Frank's wife showed herself we knew Frank had taken the alarm. We knew he was not in Missouri for we worked faithfully to find whether he was there and could find no trace of him. We are not afraid of his doing us any harm unless one of us should happen to meet him. Then the best man would be the quickest. But we are not afraid of any unless it is some cranks who would like to gain some notoriety."

Said Bob Ford, speaking of the bandit's habits: "Jesse James always hid in the cities. Whenever he committed one of his robberies he always made for the nearest town and lived quietly until the search for him was over. If he had gone to the bush he would have been captured. But while they were looking in the woods for him he was in town under an assumed name, reading the papers and keeping himself informed. After a robbery he always tried to get the newspapers and read an account of it, so he always found out who the officers were who were after him and laughed at the steps taken to capture him."

"He wasn't known in St. Joe, then?"
"No one knew him in St. Joe. He rented a house there and was living quietly with only his wife and children and Charley with him. The next morning after the Blue Cut robbery near Independence he was at home reading the papers. While he was sitting there at the open window with his feet on the window sill reading a newspaper account of the affair, a lot of officers went by talking of what they were going to do to capture him. One of the officers said: 'We are going to get him this time.' He was not twenty-five feet away from them at the time. He laughed heartily at this."

"Would Jesse James betray his men?" asked the reporter.

"Jesse killed one that we know of and suspect him of killing another. He killed Ed Miller while Miller was asleep. He was jealous of Miller who was more thought of by the boys than he was. He said himself that he had killed seven men. If he grew jealous of a man he would turn loose and kill him and excuse himself afterward by saying they were going to betray him. He has been known to kill his own men for their money. After the Glendale robbery three years ago he talked to his cousin of killing Dick Little and Ed Miller for their money and going back to Tennessee. They only got \$1,000 apiece in that robbery."

"Were his men afraid of him?"
"Jesse James would not fight under any circumstances," said Bob Ford. "His men were afraid of his treachery, not because he was brave."

Charles Ford disagreed with his brother on this point. He thought Jesse a brave man under all circumstances, for the reason that he never took any liquor before on a raid while the others of the band always gave themselves courage by deep potations of whiskey.

Speaking of the killing of the bandit, they said he subscribed for five daily papers to keep himself posted. One of his peculiarities was that he would not allow any one who was with him to send a letter off until he had read it himself. Thus the brothers could not get word to the officers who were co-operating with them. Their plan in joining him was to capture him and get the \$45,000 reward, but to capture him when he was armed was impossible, as he was too quick and alert, and he never let his weapons be out of arm's reach except the one time when he was killed. The day he was killed the Kansas City Times published the fact that Bob Ford was with him for the purpose of killing him. Had he lived a few hours longer and read the paper, the Ford boys would have been done for. All their plans of capture were fruitless, as he always locked himself in his room at night with every door and window secured, not only against violence but chloroform. He was always watching for surprises. No ordinary trap could catch such a fox.

The Ford brothers were engaged in none of the crimes of the James gang. They joined it after the reward was offered. They acknowledge they had met with some prejudice, but wherever the facts were explained, and it was shown that the only way to save the lives of other men was to capture or kill James, and that when they were once in with James they could only save their own lives by taking his, this prejudice was removed. In point of personal safety they say they prefer Missouri, for there they know their friends and their enemies.

Since their engagement with Bunnell in New York and Brooklyn, a mysterious veiled woman has haunted the exhibition rooms and a rumor that she was Frank James' wife, has added a thrill to the interest with which the boys have been regarded by the sight seers.

AN OLD MANAGERIAL TRICK.

Three Poor Young Girls of an Opera Chorus Cast
Adrift in a Strange City.

Three chorus girls belonging to the Ideal Opera Company, Marie Gonzales, Lizzie Gonzales and Zilla Loton, who are young and rather pretty, got into trouble in St. Louis, Mo., on the 27th ult. Their story is that they were engaged in New York to travel with the company at \$18 per week after promising to give the agent five per cent. of their salaries. When they arrived in St. Louis the girls were told that they did not come up to the standard either in beauty or voice and were worth only \$10. They further alleged that Mr. Burnett insulted them. The young ladies then threw up their positions and left the theatre, without any money and their board bills unpaid. Their landlady had turned them out of her house. They were

left homeless and friendless for a week until the press took their case in hand. They meantime sent to their relatives in New York for money to pay their fare home. They wandered homeless about the streets until they were taken in to pass their nights at the Female Refuge, which is under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Under Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-
Table Gossips Enjoy.

Mrs. DUNN, of Greenfield, Mass., died suddenly on the 24th ult. and the next day her husband, Joseph Dunn, was arrested charged with poisoning her. Dunn is 40, his wife was 60. They had been married only five years, Dunn having worked on the woman's farm until she owed him \$173, when she married him to cancel the debt. It is alleged she died of poison administered in her tea. Dunn denies the charge and says it is trumped up to keep him out of his wife's property.

THERE was a double family divorce suit all around the circle in Chicago on the 23d ult. Mrs. Josephine D. Harner wanted a divorce from Mr. Harner. Mr. Edward Cool wanted a divorce from Mrs. Cool because she had become too intimate with Mr. Harner. Mr. Harner and Mrs. Cool had left their respective partners and gone to housekeeping in Kansas City. Mr. Harner was a barber and his wife is a tall and imposing blonde. Mr. Cool is a milkman. For a few weeks while looking for a house he sent his wife to board with the barber. A coolness sprang up at once between Mrs. Cool and Mrs. Harner. Mrs. Cool and Mr. Harner were together all the time, staid out all night together, sat in the barber shop at four o'clock in the morning drinking beer together and finally ran away together.

A big scandal at Lathrop, Mo. A well-to-do farmer, James L. Douglass, aged 30, eloped on the 9th ult. with a young lady, Miss Mamie Simms, aged 19 and very pretty. Douglass sold off his farm, growing crops, mules, horses, cattle and hogs and with \$6,000 at least started for the Indian Territory with Miss Simms, leaving destitute a wife on a sick bed of confinement with her infant aged ten days. Prior to this time Douglass as well as Miss Simms moved in the circle of country society but it is now developed that they have been conducting a criminal intimacy for some months.

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

A School Girl's Romantic Marriage Leading to
Lifetime Woe, Murder and Suicide.

A terrible tragedy in Bedalia, Mo., on the 23d ult. J. S. White, a teamster, shot and killed his wife in a fit of drunkenness and jealousy. Twelve years ago, when he was a handsome, ambitious young man he induced Miss Ella Wasson, a beautiful young girl of Warren county, Ky., to run away from school and marry him, although she belonged to a family of superior social position.

They had hard luck and suffered much but lived happily until ten days before the tragedy. During that time he had been under the influence of liquor. He had developed symptoms of insanity, it is said, a year before and had passed several months at an asylum but had been discharged cured. He shot his wife twice without any provocation and without any warning. He immediately turned the weapon against himself and blew out his brains. Both were dead when the neighbors rushed in. Mrs. White was a young and beautiful woman and all a-ree deserved a happier life and a better fate in general.

MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal
From All Sources.

JACOB HELMENS, a farmer living two miles from St. Louis, Mo., was returning from the city where he had been with a load of produce, when he met John Mullen, his discharged farm hand, driving one of his wagons. In the wagon was Mrs. Helmens, with a lot of Helmens' personal property and \$300 of his savings. The old man turned his wagon and gave chase, discharging a seven shooter at the fugitives as he pursued, but did not hit them. His team was jaded and their fresh. When he arrived at the railroad station he found his stolen team, and on the platform of the last car of the departing train were the eloping couple with their thumbs to their noses. Helmens is impoverished financially and all broken up morally.

Two boys going from church on the night of the 23d ult., at Clarinda, Iowa, got into a pistol fight, and one named Butts, aged 15, killed the other named Manley, aged 16.

A DARKEY'S MORAL LAY.

He Goes on a Tour of Seduction and Rape and
Says the Government Authorizes Him.

A negro named Henry Tale has been working a fine old game among the colored people in the country around Atlanta, Ga. He represented himself as an United States school commissioner clothed with authority to arrest all mothers of illegitimate children, to educate the latter and put the mothers in jail. He carried things with a high hand through two counties, taking down the names of the men and insulting the women. After he had outraged several of the prettiest mulatto girls and had terrorized several darker hued damsels into submitting to his embraces the negroes began to drop to his game and organized to capture and punish him. He was caught but escaped and the furious darkies are now out beating the woods for the villain.

A PEEP AT THE ATHLETES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The revival of base ball in New York is signalized not only by the interest manifested by the small boy of the period and the young clerk who plays roots on his employer to get off after noons when the "Mets" have big matches on hand, but in the flocking of young women of sportive fancies towards the Polo Grounds. One of them attracted much attention one day last week by obliging her "feller" to hold her in his arms so that she might witness a final exciting inning between the local club and a rival eastern organization. The fellow who had her in his arms undoubtedly made the best "catch" on the grounds that day.



THE COW BOYS' BATTLE.

RIVAL BANDS OF HERDERS ENGAGE IN A BLOODY DUEL ON THE PLAINS NEAR TRINIDAD, COLO., TO SETTLE A DISPUTED BUSINESS POINT.



PEEPING AT THE BALLET.

A TABLEAU IN THE DRESSING-ROOMS OF A NEW YORK THEATRE THAT EVEN THE "COPS" TAKE IN.



SLAUGHTERED BY A SALUTE.

TWO SOLDIERS OF THE GOVERNOR'S ISLAND GARRISON MEET A TERRIBLE DEATH WHILE HANDLING THE HEAVY GUNS AT CASTLE WILLIAM.



BLOODY MURDER IN THE SANCTUARY.

TWO YOUNG MEN ENGAGE IN A DUEL IN CHURCH AT HAMPTON CROSS ROADS, VA., AND BOTH ARE KILLED.

A VALET'S FINE WORK.

He Mashes His Master's Wife on a European Tour.

The Amorous Flunkey Replaces the Boss on the Quiet, but Imprudently Boasts of His Conquest.

Languishing in the Hamilton County, O., jail, at present is a certain young German named Bernhardt Dintlemann. He is charged with bigamy on his own account, and is, moreover, the most interesting figure in a scandal and divorce case pending between two Boston people who, having plenty of money, undertook to assume European manners, some time back, with disastrous results.

A serious charge by Mr. Cumling, of Boston, against his wife, who was the widow of Mr. Charles O. Rodgers formerly owner of the *Boston Journal*, and a man of great wealth, is now pending, and Bernhardt Dintlemann is a prominent witness for Mr. Cumling.

The suit for divorce was brought by Mrs. Cumling against her husband, whom she charged with being unfaithful to his marriage vows. General B. F. Butler was employed to resist the petition. The defense is that Mrs. Cumling had been alike guilty, and that her partner in guilt was this Bernhardt Dintlemann, who traveled with the Cumling family in Europe as their valet and courier, and that the intimacy sprung up after Mr. Cumling had returned home, and continued during his absence in America, and even after his return home; and that he became fully cognizant of the fact, but condoned the offense by continuing to live with Mrs. Cumling as her husband after these occurrences.

When the divorce suit was brought by Mrs. Cumling, it was necessary to find Dintlemann, but he had fled, carrying the wrath of the very man who now desired to secure him as a witness. His birthplace in Germany was learned, and telegrams sent to him there. These elicited the reply that he was last heard from in Pittsburgh. A messenger sent to that city, after a long search, learned that he was in Cincinnati.

Mr. E. C. Carrigan, of General B. F. Butler's law office, went to Cincinnati last April, and after a long search found his man serving as a waiter at the St. Nicholas Hotel. The lawyer at once moved to the St. Nicholas, and arranged to be seated where Dintlemann would wait on him. He soon thawed out his witness, and finally by getting on very pleasant terms with him induced him to tell the story of his escapade with Mrs. Cumling.

Next he invited a friend in Cincinnati to an interview and succeeded in getting Dintlemann to jocularly repeat the story. The next thing was to get him to testify to it. To meet this emergency a subterfuge was resorted to. Dintlemann was employed to go to Boston to act as an agent for the purchase of some real estate. Upon arriving there he was invited to a dinner party, and to a company of gentlemen told the whole story, and was thereupon subpoenaed to appear and testify.

The case comes up in October, and the first thing the defendants knew their witness could not be found, and a further search developed the fact that he was in the Cincinnati jail, under indictment for bigamy. Governor Foster granted a requisition on the Governor of Massachusetts and he was taken to Ohio and indicted.

He is probably guilty of bigamy, but the parties who want him in Massachusetts claim that the charge is made, not to serve the ends of justice, but to send him to the Ohio penitentiary in order that he might not be able to testify in Massachusetts in the great divorce case of Cumling vs. Cumling.

While in New York Dintlemann represents that he was offered \$20,000 to retract his deposition, taken for General Butler's side of the case. This offer was made to him in the presence of a German, and another man named Perelman. He refused to retract because he feared a prosecution for perjury. Then the parties threatened him, he says, but this, too, was ineffectual to accomplish their purpose. Since Dintlemann has been in jail he says he has tried to communicate with General Butler, but the latter declares he never received the communications.

Dintlemann's doings were presented to the Hamilton County, Ohio, Grand Jury last May, through the legitimate representations of a Cincinnati lawyer employed by Messrs. Schler & Welsh, who now turn out to be Mrs. Cumling's counsel—a fact not known. The Cincinnati gentleman and also the State's attorney's were informed that Dintlemann was to be prosecuted for the purpose of vindicating the character of the first Mrs. Dintlemann, who, it is said, was in the employ of a rich banker, a great friend of the lady, who was willing to spend any amount of money to lodge Dintlemann in jail.

The prosecutor investigated the case thoroughly, and, upon the testimony of Mrs. Dintlemann No. 1, who came from the east, and upon other testimony, indicted him, and finally lodged him in the Hamilton County Jail. Now, one of the strange features of the case is that, though the man stands indicted for bigamy, the question arises whether he can be held in custody. If the prosecution was instituted for a private purpose, even though unwittingly, and to the end that justice in the divorce case might be defeated, the Statutes of Ohio prohibit it.

Governor Foster and everybody connected with Dintlemann's arrest admit that they were imposed upon, but they think themselves excusable. The result of the whole case will be that Dintlemann will probably be freed on \$500 bail, and allowed to go to Boston to testify for General Butler's client.

MURDERED WITH STRYCHNINE.

A Jealous Crank's Revenge on a Widow Who Married Another Man.

Fred Reiger, of the town of Lake, Ill., some time ago engaged a middle-aged widow named Mrs. Maria Prisser to act as housekeeper for him. He fell in love with her and offered her marriage but she refused, as she had learned that Reiger was not divorced from his wife. Mrs. Prisser finally accepted an offer from John Huillard, a butcher. Reiger swore he would shoot her if she married anyone but himself, but in spite of this she and the butcher were wed on the 10th ult. They went to housekeeping and on the 13th ult. she called on Reiger to get \$7 of her money which he owed her. She returned home escorted by Reiger and was taken seriously ill.

The next morning she was unable to arise from her bed. Reiger called on her and sat on the foot of the bed. Some harsh words passed between them and one of her children, a boy aged 12 years, peeped through the doorway to learn what was the matter. He then saw Reiger leaning over the woman with a bottle in his hand urging her to take the contents which he insisted would do her good. It is alleged that the bottle contained whiskey and strychnine. The woman refused to drink and Reiger forced the neck of the bottle in her mouth and choked her until she had gulped down the contents.

The neighbors were brought to the scene by the sounds of the struggle and Reiger fled. The woman died in great agony. The detectives who examined the room in which the tragic scene occurred found on the floor a soda water bottle containing a small quantity of a mixture of strychnine and whiskey. Reiger was locked up.

A WOMAN'S STRANGE FREAK.

She Travels in an Interesting Condition and Makes a Sensation Everywhere.

A veiled lady alighted from a carriage at the door of the Everett House in St. Louis, Mo., on the 23d ult. and assisted by a gentleman companion entered the hotel and was assigned a room. An hour later the bell rang and the hall boy answering was told to send a female attendant. A chambermaid was sent to the room and returned shortly to the proprietor with the intelligence that the lately arrived lady guest was shortly to become a mother. The proprietor of the hotel summoned a physician and sent his wife and her mother to attend the interesting stranger. She was in a sad plight, having no clothing but what she wore and that was bedraggled and worn. She said she came from Kentucky and was wealthy. She evidently was a person of intelligence and culture. Her male companion appeared the next day and was taken to task by the Boniface.

He explained that he had found the woman at the Union depot and pitying her in her sufferings had undertaken to find her a refuge in the emergency. He had intended leaving the city that night but had missed the train in attending the woman. The woman roused up and insisted on being driven to the depot to take the train for Kansas City against all protests. She went.

When the train had proceeded a short distance the woman was again in trouble and her cries aroused the sympathy of her fellow travelers. There were no ladies on board but Jasper N. Burke and E. A. Noon placed her in a sleeper and did all they could in her behalf, including the collection of \$64 from the passengers. Arriving at Kansas City the woman was driven to the hospital.

Her child was born on Friday and the next day the mother was well enough to furnish the attendants with a new version of her troubles, stating among other things that her name was Lizzie Stevens, that she had friends in Philadelphia and that she attended school in Indianapolis. She intimated that she had applied for admission into hospitals in Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis and been heartlessly treated in each instance.

The St. Louis hotel keeper insists that this woman with the baby is an adventuresome who travels in her condition with simply the malicious design of swindling kind-hearted hotel keepers, and vows he will never do a good action again unless he is doubly paid for it.

SOLDIERS BLOWN TO PIECES.

Guns of the Governor's Island Garrison Killed by a Premature Explosion.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the morning of Sept. 25 a squad of United States troops on duty on Governor's Island in New York harbor were called on to man the heavy guns in the old fashioned fort called Castle William, to fire a salute in honor of the French frigate *Minerve*. One of the guns was prematurely exploded while the gunners were ramming a second charge home. Immediately a scene of confusion and horror ensued, which was added to by the dense volume of smoke which filled the gun room. When the wind cleared the smoke away a horrible sight presented itself to the soldiers who were drawn to the scene by the unusual report. Lying on the floor in the last agonies of death were found Privates Whalen and Malley, fearfully mangled and suffering frightfully, but death ensued in a few moments. Privates Sidner and Clunis were also badly hurt, the former having lost one hand, while the latter had his arm blown off. Corporal Grace had one hand burned badly, and Corporal Irwin had both hands mangled. The injured men were taken to the hospital where at last accounts they were doing well. Funeral services were held over the remains of Privates Malley and Whalen at the chapel on Governor's Island on the morning of the 27th ult. The interment was made at Cypress Hill cemetery where a squad of their comrades fired the customary three volleys over their graves.

A board of inquiry appointed by General Hancock, reports that the explosion was occasioned by the failure to have the vent properly closed. A gun is swabbed with a wet swab after a discharge to extinguish all sparks remaining in the piece. The swab is turned three times to the right, three times to the left, then drawn out rapidly. If the vent is kept properly closed by the thumb of the gunner this rapid withdrawal of the swab creates a vacuum which extinguishes all sparks in the piece. It was the failure to perform this duty properly that occasioned the terrible accident. Most of the injured men were recruits who have not been long in the service.

SHE KNOCKED HIM OUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of miners at a little town near Pittsburg, Pa., having agreed to settle a dispute according to the famous rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, met in the ring on the 20th ult. with hard gloves. They had only got as far in the festivities as the third round when the wife of the smaller of the two belligerents appeared on the scene. She is a gigantic woman well-known as a huckster in Pittsburg during the summer, and had a record as a fighter. She objected to her husband's being scared in the encounter and therefore took a hand in. Seizing her spouse under one arm, she grasped his antagonist by the throat and hurled him through the ropes with such force that he was fairly knocked out, and then marched away with her hubby kicking and struggling in vain to get free. Not a second nor even the umpire ventured to oppose her. The fight was declared a draw.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

How a Texas Cowboy Fell in With a Quiet Young Man and Was Astonished.

At the Detroit railroad depot a few days ago a powerful looking individual stepped on the south side of the depot and without any compunction roughly pushed his way through the passengers, jostling the women and children with an air of bravado which would convey an idea that he was one of the stockholders. At the same time another party were entering the car, and this tall, powerful Texan—for he was a native of the Lone Star State—not only jostled but pushed one of the party against the seats and with a domineering air sat down in the seat when the party he had so unceremoniously pushed was about to occupy. The stranger jostled muttered to the muscular Texan not to be so rough, when the representative from the Lone Star State said:

"Well, now, you look here: possession is nine points of the law. I got this claim and I'm going to hold on, so yer had better not interfere about it."

One word led to another, and the train rolled out of the depot, when up jumped the Texan in a fit of rage and in a threatening attitude attempted to strike the little man he had injured by pushing him against the seat.

In the seat adjoining sat a tall, well made muscular athlete whose face bore an expression of pluck and determination. He was dressed in a dark suit of invisible green, now all the rage, wore a slouched Kosuth hat and looked a mountain of strength. Just as the Texan was about to strike the diminutive man who had nettled his temper, up sprang the athlete and with his tall form erect he said:

"Now, you may be the boss of some town or some country fair, but you are not going to strike that man."

The Texan, who was several inches taller and a stone heavier than the stripling addressing him, said: "I don't know how you got my share in this claim, and you had better not meddle with me if you do not want to be wiped out. Up in the parts where I belong you would have been riding on a chip for cheek."

"That may all be, but you just hit that man and I'll break your jaw with a punch. Pick a muss with some one your own size—you are big enough to tackle any one."

"Yes," said one of the party, "he has gall and beef enough to fight Tug Wilson or John L. Sullivan."

"Yes," said the Texan, "I can whip them fighters just as easy as I can you."

"Well," said the tall, well-formed, muscular-looking athlete, "this is no place to raise a muss. Sit down and take a rest, and don't let Sullivan or Tug Wilson, the English boxer, ever meet you or they will make you make good."

The train stopped and the diminutive stranger left the train and the matter ended.

In the meantime the party with the athlete began to make fun of the Texan, and several times a free fight was imminent. The train finally stopped and the whole party left the train. The Texan was the first to step on to the platform, and he waited until the man with the slouch hat and green suit alighted. He then stepped up to him and said:

"I want you to retract your threats or I will make you."

"You do; well, I will do it!" And the next instant a powerful sledge-hammer blow right from the shoulder landed on the Texan's jaw sending him reeling against the depot. The Texan tried to draw his revolver, but before he had time another left-hand blow on the nose sent the blood streaming, and the Texan fell senseless on the ground. Intense excitement prevailed, and as the Texan regained his feet the man with the green suit and slouched hat said:

"You can't fight a little bit. You talk about scrapping and you could lick Tug Wilson and John L. Sullivan. I told you if Sullivan ever met you he would make you make good. You will not meddle with folks again."

Just then the train started and the Texan was left to fix up his damaged nose and swelled jaw while Sullivan, the champion pugilist, who taught the Texan such a lesson, stepped on the train en route for Buffalo.

WHY HE KILLED THE DOCTOR.

An Indiana Murderer, Being Captured, Tells a Story of Seduction and Crime.

On the 29th of August, 1882, Arthur Brooks, a wealthy man of Richmond, Ind., shot and killed Dr. Gause, one of his neighbors, and fled. It was alleged that the Doctor had seduced Brooks' wife. A large reward was offered for the murderer, who was run down and arrested in Denver, Colo., on the 10th ult., at a hotel where he had registered himself as John Good. [He "weakened" at once when the detective tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Colonel, I want you." He replied, "I know what I'm collared for; I expected it." Then taking out a revolver and handing it to the officer he said, "This is the gun I did the killing with." Brooks told his story of the crime and its causes to our correspondent as follows:

Dr. Thomas A. Gause was a practicing physician in Richmond, a man prepossessing in appearance, with a large family, moving in the best circles of the town. He was the family physician of Arthur Brooks, the latter's wife being a handsome young woman of 25 years of age. Mr. Brooks, being engaged in the stock-growing business, was often called away from home visiting Kentucky, Minnesota, the Indian Territory and even Colorado. During his absence Dr. Gause had access to the house, and in time succeeded in seducing his wife. On returning from one of his trips he was told of the Doctor's and his wife's strange conduct, and was led to believe that his wife was unfaithful to him. On the 29th of August, the day of the tragedy he saw a letter in his wife's cloak pocket, just as she was about to leave the house. He made an effort to obtain possession of it, and she, seeing his motion, took it from her pocket and put it in her mouth, chewing it and trying to thus destroy it. By force he secured it and read it. It was addressed to Dr. Gause and stated that she was contemplating suicide because of his seduction and ruin of her, and also requested a meeting with him that day. He forced a confession from her to the effect that the Doctor had seduced her while treating her for some supposed disease. After that they had been criminally intimate.

Satisfied that his wife was not in the wrong, Brooks had his horse saddled and rode into town, with the purpose of killing the destroyer of his domestic peace. He left the horse tied to a tree in a suburban grove. Walking into town he purchased a revolver, loaded it and went forth to kill the Doctor. It was then about

8 o'clock in the evening. In the twilight he saw the Doctor seated in front of his office talking to a patient. Stepping up to him, he exclaimed with an oath, "You have ruined me," and commenced shooting. The Doctor arose, shot twice in return and then fled, shouting "Murder" and "Help." Brooks shot five times, four bullets taking effect in the body. The Doctor ran about 100 yards and then fell dead. The excitement was so great that no attempt was made to arrest Brooks. He deliberately walked to where his horse was, mounted him, and rode to Winchester, nineteen miles away, and boarded a train for Indianapolis. From Indianapolis he went to Chicago, thence to Kansas City and arrived in Denver on the 5th ult.

When captured he was making arrangements to draw \$2,000 to take him to Oregon. Brooks is 38 years old. He is a tall, fine looking man. His parents are among the most prominent and wealthy of the Indiana Quakers. He was married ten years ago and has a son nine years old. His wife is the daughter of Mr. James Ridge, of Richmond, one of the leading citizens of the city. Brooks claims that he can make a strong defense, and stated to the reporter that he was ready to furnish a \$200,000 bond at a moment's notice.

A DOOMED MAN.

Edward Hovey is Found Guilty of the Murder of His Sister-in-Law in New York City.

[With Portrait.]

Readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will remember the account of the murder on April 26 last, of Mrs. Fanny Vermilyea by her brother-in-law, a pale faced and interesting young man who has been on trial for the crime during the last fortnight in September and is now waiting the death sentence. On the last day of the trial he was called to the stand and testified that he went to his sister-in-law's rooms on the afternoon of April 26, after taking a walk. His sister-in-law had taken his pistol from him the day before. He had been in the habit of carrying a pistol, and he had bought another. He loaded it when he bought it. In his sister-in-law's rooms he took out his handkerchief, and at the same time laid the pistol on his lap. His sister-in-law asked for it and he handed it to her. The pistol went off in her hand and she was wounded.

Under Col. Fellows' cross-examination Hovey admitted that he had served three terms in State prison for theft and that he had pawned a coat to buy the new pistol. He denied that he had admitted to the police, boastfully, that he had shot his sister-in-law and had said that his reason for the shooting was his own business.

In the summing up Col. Fellows contended that a more cruel and deliberate murder was never committed. Mrs. Vermilyea had befriended Hovey and his wife and their sick child. Hovey had brandished a pistol threateningly, and Mrs. Vermilyea had taken it from him. Thereupon he had angrily declared his purpose to be revenged. Mrs. Vermilyea was about to become a mother, and Hovey's own child died of fright. So he took three lives to satisfy his desire for revenge.

The jury was a unit on the first ballot for a verdict of murder in the first degree. When they delivered their verdict Hovey sat unmoved. Judge Cowing remanded him until Friday for sentence to death.

"I am not surprised. That's just the verdict I expected," said Hovey to a court attendant.

BURNED TO DEATH IN HIS CELL.

A Prisoner in Jail at Cincinnati Shockingly Tortured.

A horrible atonement, Edward Seddens, the ice cream peddler in jail in Cincinnati accused of having committed rape on a little girl, was shockingly burned in his cell on the night of the 24th ult. by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, covering him with burning oil. The prisoner presented a frightful picture struggling all aflame in his narrow cell, and the other prisoners in their horror raised such an outcry that the noise was heard in the street, who thought there was an outbreak among the jailbirds. To add to the terror of the scene the jailor, on rushing up to the door of the cell found he had brought the wrong keys and had to go down stairs again in search of the right ones, leaving the prisoner enduring terrible agony. When the door was finally opened a coat was thrown over Seddens and the flames extinguished. Nearly all of his hair was gone and the skin hung in shreds from his breast and limbs. His charred fingers were stuck together black and unrecognizable. His injuries were declared fatal. But for the mistake of the jailor in bringing up the wrong keys his life might have been saved.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

The wife of a grocer in Marshall, Mo., Mrs. Mary Chumley, eloped on the 19th ult. with her husband's clerk, a young man named J. R. Coursey. The pair went well provided with funds, but the husband has a dozen detectives on their track, having sufficient funds left to wreak vengeance on the despoiler of his hearthstone.

THE demented daughter of James Cleveland, of Nashville, Tenn., on the 22d ult., poisoned the entire family of six by putting strychnine in the coffee. The crazy girl then wandered off and has not been seen since. It was thought she had committed suicide.

A BASTARDY suit against a wealthy man, Daniel H. Snell, of Logansport, Ind., fell to pieces on the 21st ult. The girl who made the charge, Mabel Meade, said she was mistaken, that it was not Snell but his son who was the father of her child. Then she and her "pa" lit out from town in great haste.

PEEPING AT THE BALLET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The New York Alcazar has been the scene of some scandalous advertising throughout the summer season. The dressing-rooms of the ballet are under the stage with windows looking on the street, from which they are separated by a sunken area guarded by an iron railing. These windows were left open during the warm nights of summer, but the stripped girls were concealed by the window shades.

The young bloods were in the habit of pushing aside these shades with their canes and feasting their eyes on the classical groupings of the ballet corps as they drew on their thighs. The police, called on to repress the peepers, took sly glances themselves and only the approach of cold weather and the nailing down of the curtains assured the privacy of the shrinking and modest beauties.

THE PRIZE RING.

Jim Elliott's Record in the Prize Ring Continued.

The Finish of the "Terror," His Encounter with Sullivan, and His Match with Tug Wilson.

The last round in which Elliott polished off the "Terror," and settled his pugilistic aspirations forever, was as follows:

ROUND 4. This round was short, sharp and decisive. Elliott ended the business by delivering a tremendous under cut on the "Terror's" chin with his right, lifting him clean off his feet and laying him down on his back as though felled by a stroke of lightning. The sound of the heavy body echoed through the room. Elliott appeared terrorized. He walked over to his fallen foe, and with the aid of Pop Whittaker helped him to his corner. The Terror appeared dazed, and a minute elapsed before he was able to support himself on his feet. Time 30 seconds.

Elliott's victory sent his stock up, and his backers again laid siege to Fort Sullivan and tried to capture the champion to arrange a match, but without avail.

On July 4, 1892, Sullivan engaged Washington Park, New York, for a picnic, and offered any pugilist \$500 that would stand before him through four three minute rounds. Elliott agreed to go and face the champion, and when his intention became known hundreds of sporting men went to witness the encounter. Johnny Roche was Elliott's mentor, while Billy Madden looked after the interests of the champion. Tom McAlpine, better known as "Soap," brought two sets of gloves, an ordinary set and a set of hard gloves. Sullivan was satisfied to use either pair, but Elliott was so confident that he could whip Sullivan that he selected the hard set, much to the surprise of Madden and the champion.

Sullivan appeared to be in better condition than when he met Paddy Ryan at New Orleans and somewhat heavier. Elliott did not appear to have any spare flesh, being of the greyhound build, tall and stately looking. Sullivan stands 5 ft. 10½ in. in height and weighed about 195 lbs. Elliott stands 6 ft. 1 in. in height and weighed 185 lbs.

As the two giants of the arena faced each other Sullivan appeared to the better advantage and he was by far the more muscular looking. The Athlete boxer, however, had every confidence in his ability to face the Boston Boy, and he smiled wickedly at Sullivan and his partisans.

On time being called Elliott quickly stepped to the center of the ring eager for the fray, while Sullivan, with an air of confidence, quickly threw up his right arm in an easy posture across his chest and held his left well up and extended. Elliott quickly assumed the same position and the battle began. Sullivan did not lose a moment. He had either to knock Elliott out of time in three four-minute rounds or give up \$500 out of the \$2,700 he had taken in at the gate. Elliott led and was short and Sullivan's left mawley was sent with tremendous force on Elliott's face. The force of Sullivan's blow made Elliott stagger and before he could recover the Boston Boy's mawleys were playing havoc with Elliott, who appeared to think he was stopping a steam hammer. The boards of the stage were slippery, and Elliott had all he could do to steady himself. Sullivan's very first blow mixed Elliott up. The following details of the rounds will give an idea of the one-sided progress of the struggle from this point:

ROUND 1. They got to work at once, Sullivan forcing the fighting and dodging quickly, while Elliott seemed slow. In an instant almost Elliott was partially knocked down, but recovering, clinched and they were called off by the referee. A knock-down blow sent Elliott back in his corner, and as he got up he caught Sullivan by the legs. Reaching his feet he was again knocked down, and the fall against the ropes and posts striped the skin off his back.

ROUND 2. Sullivan forced the fighting from the first, going over into Elliott's corner, striking him on the head and neck and forcing him to the ropes. Elliott responded but feebly, as he evidently was suffering from the punishment already received and choking from blood flowing inwardly from his nose. He endeavored to close on Sullivan, but the latter stepping back, Elliott slipped and fell, the fall also hurting him. When he again faced Sullivan the latter knocked him in his corner with a terrible blow on the neck. Another rally was followed by a crusher from Sullivan that compelled his second to help Elliott to his chair. It was now evident that Sullivan had everything his own way, and, in fact, before he struck the blow which closed the round Billy Madden said: "Don't hit him so hard now; finish him on the next round."

ROUND 3. Elliott looked badly as he sat in his chair in the corner, and Johnny Roche, finding the blood in the nose interfered with his principal's breathing, placed his mouth to that organ, sucked it clear and spit the blood so obtained upon the floor of the platform ring. The fighting was short and bitter. When time was called Sullivan almost ran across the stage, Elliott coming up groggy but doing his best. After a few passes and mutual exchanges a blow from Sullivan in the neck sent Elliott off his feet flying into his corner senseless. He was unable to speak or to move and lay limp and lifeless as Roche attempted to lift him up, and much alarm was expressed for a minute as to the extent of his injuries. When he rallied, however, Sullivan crossed over and extending his hand took that of his foe and left a roll of greenbacks within it as some compensation for the part he had taken in affording amusement to the crowd. It was fifty dollars.

The fight lasted 7m. 28s. The first round lasted 2m., the second 3m. and the third 2m., which with the two minutes' rest would make the actual fighting time 5m. 20s. Sullivan proved a surprise party to Elliott and his backers, for few supposed that the Bostonian would stop Elliott in such short order and the result of the affair became the prime topic of the day.

Elliott, however, did not have all the courage knocked out of him, as many supposed, for he once more loomed up and was ready to battle Sullivan again, but the Boston champion did not give him the opportunity.

After a rest of four or five weeks Elliott made a grand effort to get on a fight with Sullivan or any man in America. He posted a forfeit and issued a challenge to fight the champion according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world, which title Sullivan

won by defeating Paddy Ryan. Elliott was in earnest. He had influential backers and sporting men were certain that a match would be arranged. Sullivan, however, by the advice of Madden, his shrewd manager, refused to arrange a match, and Elliott claimed the title of champion heavy-weight pugilist of America.

In the meantime Tug Wilson, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, met the Boston pugilist in a four three-minute round glove contest in which Sullivan had pledged to his friends that he would win by knocking the POLICE GAZETTE champion out of time. Tug proved to be a hard nut for the hitherto invincible champion to crack, and he failed to knock the POLICE GAZETTE's man out as he had contracted to do. A second meeting was arranged between Tug Wilson and Sullivan, but the authorities would not allow the affair to take place.

Elliott, finding that Sullivan would arrange no match, posted a forfeit and challenged Tug Wilson to fight for \$2,500 a side and the championship—Elliott laying claim to the title by Sullivan's refusal to fight him. Richard K. Fox, Tug Wilson's backer, accepted the challenge, posted \$1,000 with Harry Hill and named a time to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.

According to agreement at the time and place appointed the representatives of the fighting men met and articles of agreement were signed. It was agreed that they should fight within 100 miles of New Orleans on Nov. 23, 1892. A forfeit of \$500 was posted by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, on behalf of Tug Wilson, while a similar amount was posted by John Styles, of 39 Bowery on behalf of Elliott. Wm. F. McCoy, of 91 South street, New York, a gentleman in every way responsible, was chosen final stakeholder. The second deposit of \$1,000 a side was to be posted at John Styles', 39 Bowery, New York, on Oct. 3, and the total transferred to William F. McCoy.

Since the great match was arranged Elliott has been taking extra care of himself, and his friends are placing great faith in his ability to defeat the English champion on Nov. 23.

Tug Wilson, with George Holden, who will prepare him for the forthcoming great battle, is in England, but will shortly return to New York. Since Wilson has been in Leicester he has been honored and fêted. At the time he arrived in Leicester a large delegation of sporting men went to meet him, and he was formally marched into town, the procession being headed by a band of music which played "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes." Wilson made a speech, praised America, and said he had been kindly treated. He spoke in the warmest terms of Richard K. Fox, and said he should have to return in a week or two to fight Elliott for the championship.

On Tug Wilson's return the interest in the proposed great match will no doubt increase. Opinions are about equally divided as to Wilson's and Elliott's prospects of winning the fight. The battle will no doubt be a big betting event and will create far more interest than the great match last February between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan.

Tug Wilson will enter the ring weighing 157 lbs., while Elliott will fight at 165 lbs.

Strange to say, quite a number of the sporting fraternity do not believe that the battle will ever take place, for they think that Tug Wilson will not return. Should the English champion not do so then the great mill will be off. Richard K. Fox, who is backing Tug Wilson, believes that there is nothing in the rumor that his man will not come back to meet his engagement in the ring, but should he do so, Elliott's backers will be entitled to the POLICE GAZETTE's \$500 posted when the articles of agreement were signed.

Elliott says he does not care whether Tug Wilson returns or not. He says he is eager for a match, and sends the following message to the POLICE GAZETTE which will no doubt create a furore in prize ring circles. Read it:

NEW YORK, Sept. 27, 1892.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR: I understand that John L. Sullivan is travelling through the country giving exhibitions and boasting that he can whip any man in the world. Now I think Sullivan is a blower and afraid to fight anybody. My ambition is to fight this over-rated, would-be champion, John L. Sullivan, and I have the money, \$2,500, to put up. I want to fight Sullivan because he is the champion and boasts that he can whip any man in the world. Sullivan does not want to fight, but tries to make the public believe the contrary. He refused to fight Tug Wilson when the POLICE GAZETTE folks made every fair proposition to arrange a battle for the championship, and he refuses to fight me. If Tug Wilson does not return I will fight Sullivan for \$2,500 a side and the championship of America. I mean business, and he can have James Keenan of Boston, Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE, Wm. F. McCoy or Mike McDonald of Chicago for stakeholder. Sullivan is an over-rated pugilist. He failed to knock Tug Wilson out of time, and was afraid to fight him afterwards. He is going around the country styling himself champion of the world, and the sporting public are being carried away with him because he whipped Paddy Ryan, a pugilist who was disabled and not in condition. Billy Madden refuses to allow Sullivan to fight me for the championship. Madden says, "Let him style himself the champion, but we will make the money." Everyone knows that a champion is compelled to defend his title against all comers. Sullivan won his title by his victory over Ryan. He fought Ryan according to the prize ring rules without gloves, and he cannot retain the title unless he fights me according to the same rules. My money is ready and I am eager to fight him whether I win or lose my coming match with Tug Wilson, and I am prepared to meet Sullivan or his representative any day he may name at the POLICE GAZETTE office to put up \$500 forfeit and sign articles of agreement. If the champion pugilist—only in name—refuses to meet me I shall consider that he is a blower, a coward, and afraid to meet me.

JIMMY ELLIOTT.

The noted pugilist did not put up any money, but his backer, John Styles, of 39 Bowery, the well-known sport, left \$500 to prove that Elliott means business.

There is every probability that George Rooke's backers may be influenced to match him to fight Elliott, and fix the date of the battle in January or February. Rooke thinks he is able to defeat any man in the world in the prize ring except John L. Sullivan, so it rests only with the backers to bring the affair about.

If nothing intervenes to prevent the proposed great mill—and we do not see any obstacle in the way at this writing—the generous and popular sports of Mississippi and Louisiana will witness a far more interesting battle than the POLICE GAZETTE's great mill between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan last February.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AGENTS AND BOOK CANVASSERS

Would do well to send for Catalogue and Price List of the POLICE GAZETTE Illustrated Publications. The most popular selling books in America. Catalogues and sample copies furnished free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, New York.

- S. W., Columbus, Ohio.—No.
P. M., Worcester, Mass.—No.
A. S., Gloucester, Mass.—195 lbs.
J. R., Delaware.—The City of Rome.
G. H., Dexter, Mo.—The book is out of print.
R. S. P., Jr., South Bend, Md.—1. No. 2. Yes.
JOHN P., Shrove Mill's, Fall River, Mass.—Yes.
COCKNEY, Crawfordsville, Ill.—In Kerry, Ireland.
J. E. M., New Haven, Conn.—Five feet five inches.
SUBSCRIBER, Columbus, Ind.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No.
J. A. M., Syracuse, N. Y.—Hoyle is the leading authority.
J. H., Brooklyn, E. D.—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.
W. H. H., Worcester, Mass.—Five feet 3½ inches in his stockings.
M. Z., Schenectady, N. Y.—Each require the same skill and care.
T. M. SHERWOOD, Lancaster, Pa.—There is no such work published.
E. D., Chicago, Ill.—In 1893. No one can inform you the exact time.
FRED WHITE, New Orleans, La.—We have not received the picture.
R. Beverly, N. J.—1. No. 2. Hanlan's style is the best. 3. No record.
J. B. S., Des Moines.—Send to this office for the "Life of Edward Hanlan."
F. F. BOWMAN, New York.—We keep no record of what mutual pools pay.
F. H. HARTMAN, Norfolk, Va.—We could not indorse that he would do so.
ENOCH YATES, Laramie City, W. T.—Sixty miles in 50m. 30s. London to Brighton.
NOVICE, Pittsburg, Pa.—Write to James Keenan, 95 Portland street, Boston, Mass.
J. S., Covington, Ky.—Joe Coburn and John Morrissey were never matched to fight.
M. C., Marshfield, Wis.—Write to John L. Sullivan, he will be better able to inform you.
H. B., Boston, Mass.—James Weeden, the pugilist's address, is 663 Penn street, Pittsburg.
C. A. M., Ogema, Wis.—Address a letter to the head surgeon of the N. Y. Medical College.
ADMIRER OF POLICE GAZETTE, Warrensburg, N. Y.—The race should be awarded to W.
J. B. C., Saratoga, N. Y.—1. About 160 lbs. 2. A letter addressed to this office will reach him.
W. J. W., Selma, Alabama.—1. Hanlan still holds the title. 2. Send to this office for his life.
H. M., New York.—The estimated population of Peking is 3,879,000, London, about 4,000,000.
E. D. BARTHE, Plymouth, Pa.—See the "Life of Jim Mace," published by the POLICE GAZETTE.
P. B., Fort Edward, New York.—Sullivan claims that he did knock George Rooke out of time.
WM. LAWTON, Bartonville, Ill.—1. We recently published a sketch of Alf. Greenfield. 2. Yes.
J. MCC., Oro City, Col.—1. John C. Heenan never won a prize fight. 2. Yes. 3. Hard gloves. 4. No.
W. H. J., Newmarket, N. H.—Buy a ticket through from a broker, either in Boston or New York.
J. E. LA LOURIE, Cadillac, Mich.—Sayers' arm was not broken in his battle with John C. Heenan.
M. A., Toledo, Ohio.—Join some amateur nine and work yourself to the front by meritorious playing.
J. E., La Lone, Cadillac, Michigan.—Tom Sayers' arm was not broken when he fought John C. Heenan.
SPORT, Racine, Wis.—1. Read the POLICE GAZETTE. 2. Action was the winner. 3. Thirty-five years of age.
F. G. G., Deadwood.—Letters will reach Tug Wilson, John L. Sullivan, or any sporting man, mailed to this office.
WM. HARKEE, JR., Hornerstown, N. J.—You had better write to the *Sporting Life*, they will furnish you a copy.
STEPHEN SINCLAIR, Goshen, N. Y.—The season for swimming matches is past; we would not promise to back you.
JOHN C. K. H., Chicago.—If you are eager for a match send us a challenge with a forfeit and we will publish it.
CONSTANT READER, Frankfort, Mich.—1. Yes. Jim Taylor, of Chicago, did fight Billy Madden. 2. It is the same party.
F. A. B., Placerville, Cal.—Write to the office of the paper. We do not advertise the subscription price list of papers.
S. S. K., Rosebud, M. T.—1. There is no record for such a performance in England. 2. At what distance do you mean?
D. J. V. CORNISH, De Kalb, Ill.—If you desire your challenge published send on a forfeit to prove you mean business.
E. P., Plaquemine, Va.—1. We believe Paddy Ryan will fight again. 2. He is keeping a sporting house on State street, Chicago.
CHARLEY, Denver, Col.—If A bets B that A weighs 215 lbs., and B bets that A don't weigh 215 lbs. and he weighs 219 lbs. A wins.
O. D. O., Mosinee, Wis.—1. It must be dissolved in warm water. 2. John L. Sullivan was never defeated in a prize ring encounter.
B. W. B., Opelika, Alabama.—1. James Elliott was born Sept. 12, 1844. 2. He stands six feet one inch in height and weighs 171 lbs.
B. F., Mauch Chunk, Pa.—Sullivan and Tug Wilson did not box at Bridgeport. Wilson boxed with George Holden and Arthur Chambers.
A SUBSCRIBER, Paterson, N. J.—If you read the

POLICE GAZETTE you would know Joe Acton won the wrestling match with Edwin Bibby.

W. G. Bordenstown, N. J.—1. Tom Allen is not dead, you must mean Harry Allen. 2. Harry Allen died at Manchester, England, March 15, 1873.

M. S., Baltimore, Md.—The lion Nero, fought six dogs at Warwick, England, July 19, 1825, and the battle was decidedly in the dogs' favor. 2. No.

G. L. Y., Eighth avenue, N. Y.—The best preparation to harden the feet is to bathe them twice a day in sea salt water or tannin dissolved in water.

SUBSCRIBER, South Bethlehem, N. J.—Col. James Fisk was shot in the abdomen on the stairway of the Grand Central Hotel, New York, Jan. 6, 1872.

J. B., Coosaw, S. C.—We publish the prize ring rules in the lives of "John Morrissey," "John C. Heenan" and "Jim Mace," which are for sale at this office.

M. E. QUINLAN, Granville, N. Y.—1. John L. Sullivan's parents came from Kerry, Ireland. 2. Sullivan was born in Boston. 3. We have not the address.

H. W., Yazoo City, Miss.—A two handed pugilist is one that can change his position from right to left and left to right alternately, as the case may present itself.

SUBSCRIBER, Springfield, Mass.—Why if articles of agreement were signed, the stakes posted, a referee selected, and the race ran in the usual way, of course your protegee wins.

H. W. S., Huntingdon, West Va.—Because he was obnoxious to the opposition political party, who supposed he was instrumental in the ballot box stuffing in the election in 1854.

J. H., Leavenworth, Kansas.—1. Peter Corcoran was born in Ireland. He stood 5 feet 11 inches in height. 2. He won the championship of England by defeating Bill Davis for £200.

W. H. L., New York City.—Hanlan covered 600 miles 220 yards, in 14h. 15m. 45s. He rested ninety times during the week and was off the track 34 hours, 32 minutes, 40 seconds.

J. W., Providence, R. I.—Fordham rode Foxhall when he won the Grand Prize in 1931, when Foxhall won the Cesarewitch at Newmarket, October 11. McDonald piloted him to victory.

EDMUND MURPHY, Fort Buford, Dakota Territory.—As there is no probability of John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson fighting, it will not be necessary for you to send on your \$200 to wager on the result.

W. S., Trenton, N. J.—1. Dan O'Leary only won the Astley belt once. 2. It was the first competition at Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, Eng., March 18 to 23, 1873. 3. He covered 520m. 40yds.

ANDREW MCGEE, Alla Mine, Jefferson County, M. T.—1. No. 2. Yes. Send for the "Life of Tug Wilson," to this office. 3. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of this journal, is backing him to fight Jimmy Elliott.

J. B. M., Utica, N. Y.—1. The distance of the Tyne River course, England, is 3 miles 700 yards. 2. After Hanlan and Elliott signed articles to rove on May 5, 1879, there were several bets of \$500 made in Hanlan's favor.

CANNUCK, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Orillea is in Canada and a regatta was held on Sept. 4. You should study geography. 3. Inquire at police headquarters and you will be supplied with the names of parties who have kept "fences."

M. BROWN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Tom Sayers fought so many battles that it would take too much space. 2. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," price 35 cents. Published by the POLICE GAZETTE.

H. W., Chicago, Ill.—1. The first fight between John Gully and Bill Gregson was fought at Six-Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, England, October 14, 1807. 2. Gully stood 5 feet 11½ inches in height, and in condition weighed 185 lbs. 3. He defeated Gregson twice.

G. G., Kerla, Iowa.—1. There is no time record kept of race horses in England. 2. Flying Dutchman never ran one mile in a minute. 3. The fastest time for running one mile is 1m. 29½s., by Ten Brock when five years old, with 92 lbs. up, made at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877.

M. COLEMAN, Westboro, Mass.—1. A knock down ends a round if pugilists are fighting according to the London prize ring rules, but not if the men are fighting by the Marquis of Queensbury rules. 2. Not that we are aware of; the Marquis of Queensbury rules stipulates that gloves shall be used.

H. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The prize fight between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers ended in this way. Thirty-seven rounds were fought in 2h. and 6m., when the ring was broken into and the referee left the ground. Seven more rounds were fought, lasting 14m. without a referee. Sayers left the ring first.

S. W., Denver, Col.—1. Andrew Marsden, the English pugilist, who defeated and was in turn beaten by Ned O'Baldwin, stood 6 feet 1½ inch in height and weighed 180 lbs. 2. Marsden fought Joe Wormald for £200 and the champion's belt, at Harley, England, Jan. 4, 1865. Wormald won in 19 rounds, lasting 37 minutes.

G. C., Kingston, Pa.—1. Tug Wilson is expected in New York by Oct. 15. 2. Arthur Chambers, the retired champion pugilist's address, will be found in our advertising columns. 3. Gus Hill is the champion club swinger of America. 4. Bibby was the champion catch-as-catch-can or Lancashire wrestler until Joe Acton defeated him.

CHRYSOLITE, Leadville, Col.—1. Tug Wilson was born at Leicester, England, March 31, 1847. He stands 5 feet 8 inches with his shoes on, and in condition can fight at 154 lbs. 2. He was backed by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. 3. He is matched to fight James Elliott on Nov. 23, 1892, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La. 4. No.

ATHLETE, Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Well developed muscles are of little use if there are not powerful lungs to back them, and powerful lungs are next to nothing in any contest if the heart and other organs are not as fully as able to bear their part of the strain. 2. Constant practice and exercise will prove a beneficial remedy. 3. Send for the "American Athlete."

W. G., Peoria, Ill.—1. Charles Freeman, the American giant, stood 6 feet 10½ inches in height and weighed 250 lbs. 2. He went to England in 1912 to fight Wm. Perry, the "Tipton Slasher." The battle was fought at Sawbridgeworth, England, Dec. 14, 1912. After 70 rounds had been fought in 1h. and 24m darkness came on. On Dec. 20th, 1842, they met again, and Freeman won in 33 rounds, lasting 39 minutes. Perry lost by a foul.

James Quigley.

This athlete, whose portrait appears in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, was born on Nov. 1, 1845, at Fethard county, Tipperary, Ireland, which county has produced three champions, John Morrissey, John Hughes and Paddy Ryan. Quigley is a muscular specimen of humanity. He stands 5ft. 9in. in height and weighs 185lbs. His dimensions are as follows: biceps 16½in., forearm 14in., chest 44in., calf 17in.

Quigley's first match in the wrestling arena was with James Farrell, collar-and-elbow. It was decided on Jan. 7, 1878, and Quigley won. He was then matched to wrestle collar-and-elbow with William Heversides for the champion medal of the police department. Quigley won in thirty-five minutes and was presented with the trophy by Captain Williams.

William Muldoon was then matched to wrestle Quigley Græco-Roman style but the match fell through.

Quigley's next contest was with Charles Murphy, the Brooklyn blacksmith, collar-and-elbow. The match was decided at the Police Athletic Club Gymnasium, 31st street, and ended in a draw after the rivals had wrestled forty-one minutes.

Quigley was then matched to wrestle James Denning, collar-and-elbow. The match was decided at New York on Sept. 18, 1878. Quigley won the first fall but the referee decided Denning winner of the second fall and Quigley very properly refused to continue the match as Denning gained no fall. Quigley was then defeated by William Muldoon in a match for the champion medal of the Police Department at Glass Hall. On Feb. 22, 1879, he won the amateur champion medal by defeating all comers.

Quigley's last match was with Clarence Whistler, Græco-Roman style, for the amateur champion medal. Whistler arranged the match under the name of Peter Snyder. The contest was decided in New York and Quigley was defeated after a protracted struggle.

On October 12, at Irving Hall, N. Y., Quigley is to engage in a match, Græco-Roman and collar-and-elbow, for a gold medal and the championship of the Boston and New York police departments. Quigley, besides being a wrestler, is a heavy-weight lifter and is credited with having put up almost fabulous weights in dumb bells. The match is creating great interest.

John E. Clapp.

In this issue we publish the portrait of the above noted base ball expert, who is known to all lovers of field sports over the country. He was born at Ithaca, N. Y., July 15, 1851. He began his career on the diamond field in 1861, when he was a member of the Falls City club. In 1863 and 1869 he was a member of the Independent club of Mansfield, Ohio, and made for himself quite a name. During 1870 Clapp gained great fame playing with the



JOHN E. CLAPP,

CAPTAIN OF THE METROPOLITAN BASE BALL NINE OF NEW YORK CITY.



THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION DOG COLLAR

FOR RACING DOGS, OFFERED BY RICHARD K. FOX, TO BE CONTESTED FOR IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.

famous Amateurs of Owego, N. Y., and in the following year he joined the Clippers of Ithaca, N. Y. He was engaged by the Mansfield club of Middleton, Conn., in 1872 and made a capital record. In 1873 he joined the famous Athletic club of Philadelphia and filled the position of catcher during 1873, '74 and '75.

At the time the Athletics made the trip to Europe with the Boston club Clapp accompanied them and surprised the admirers of the game by his wonderful catching ability during their tour through England. The St. Louis club, knowing Clapp's forte, engaged him as catcher during the Centennial year and paid him \$3,000 per annum for catching for their nine. This is the highest salary ever paid a catcher in this country. In 1877 Clapp's great ability made the St. Louis club re-engage him. In 1878 at a large salary he accepted the management of the Indianapolis base ball club of Indianapolis, Indiana, and ably managed the nine for that season. He was selected to manage the Buffalo club in 1879 and also filled the position of catcher. After the season closed he went to San Francisco, Cal., with the Cincinnati club and gave such great satisfaction that he was re-engaged by the Cincinnati during 1880.

In 1881 we find the famous base ball expert captain of the nine of the Cleveland club of Ohio, in which club he also filled the position of catcher. In 1882 he joined the Metropolitan base ball club of New York, whose wonderful record has raised base ball in the metropolis from the Slough of Despond where it sank years ago. Clapp is without doubt the best catcher in the base ball profession and he is a great favorite both with his associate players and the public. He always has his wits about him and displays great judgment behind the bat. In our next issue we shall publish the picture of Riley, of the Metropolitans.

The "Police Gazette" Champion Dog Collar.

In order to promote the popular pastime of dog racing in Philadelphia, Richard K. Fox of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, with his usual enterprise, has offered a valuable dog racing champion trophy valued at \$150, which is illustrated. The following are the rules which are to govern:

The first race will take place on Monday, Oct. 16, 1882, on which occasion the entrance fee will be (\$5) five dollars each, all following races to be governed by rule 3.

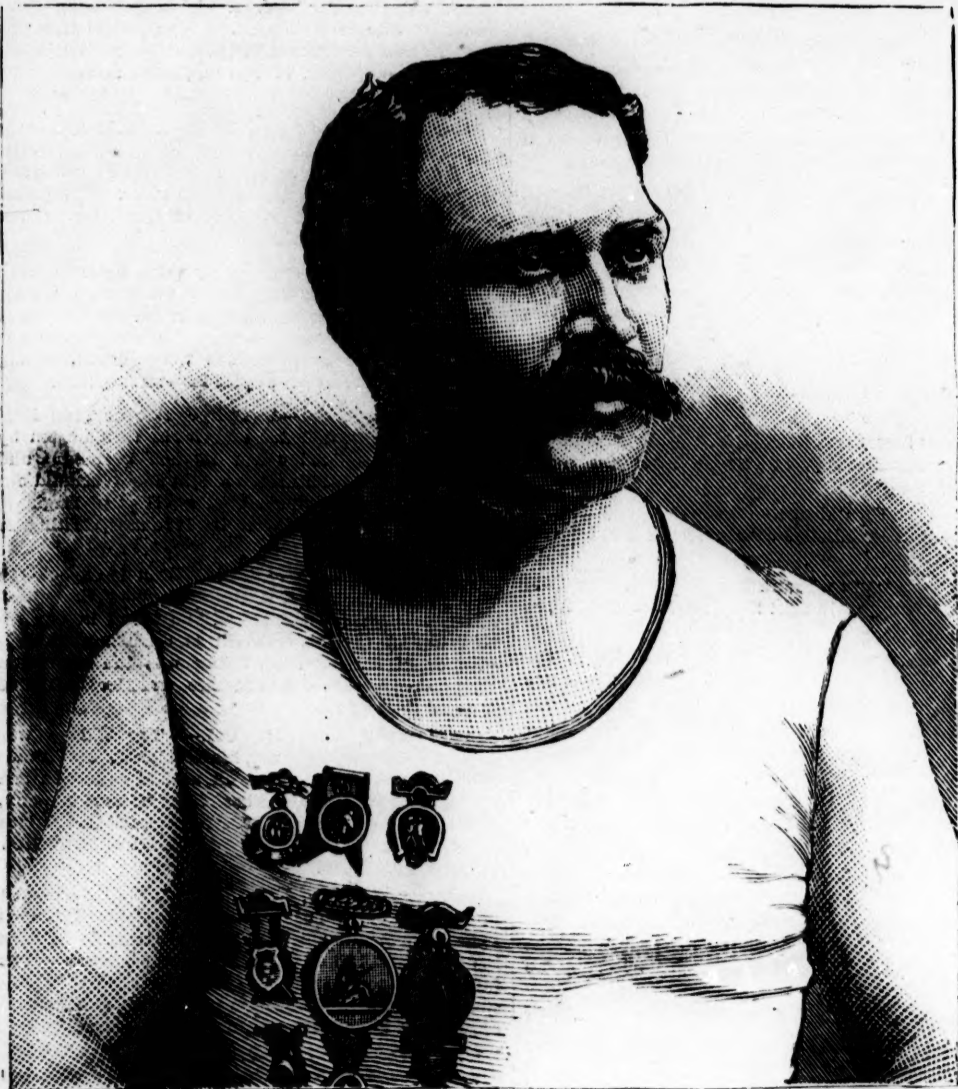
The winner of each race to receive the entire entrance money.

Rule 1. This collar shall be open for competition for dogs or bitches from any part of the world.

Rule 2. All entries to be made at Arthur Chambers' Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, Pa.

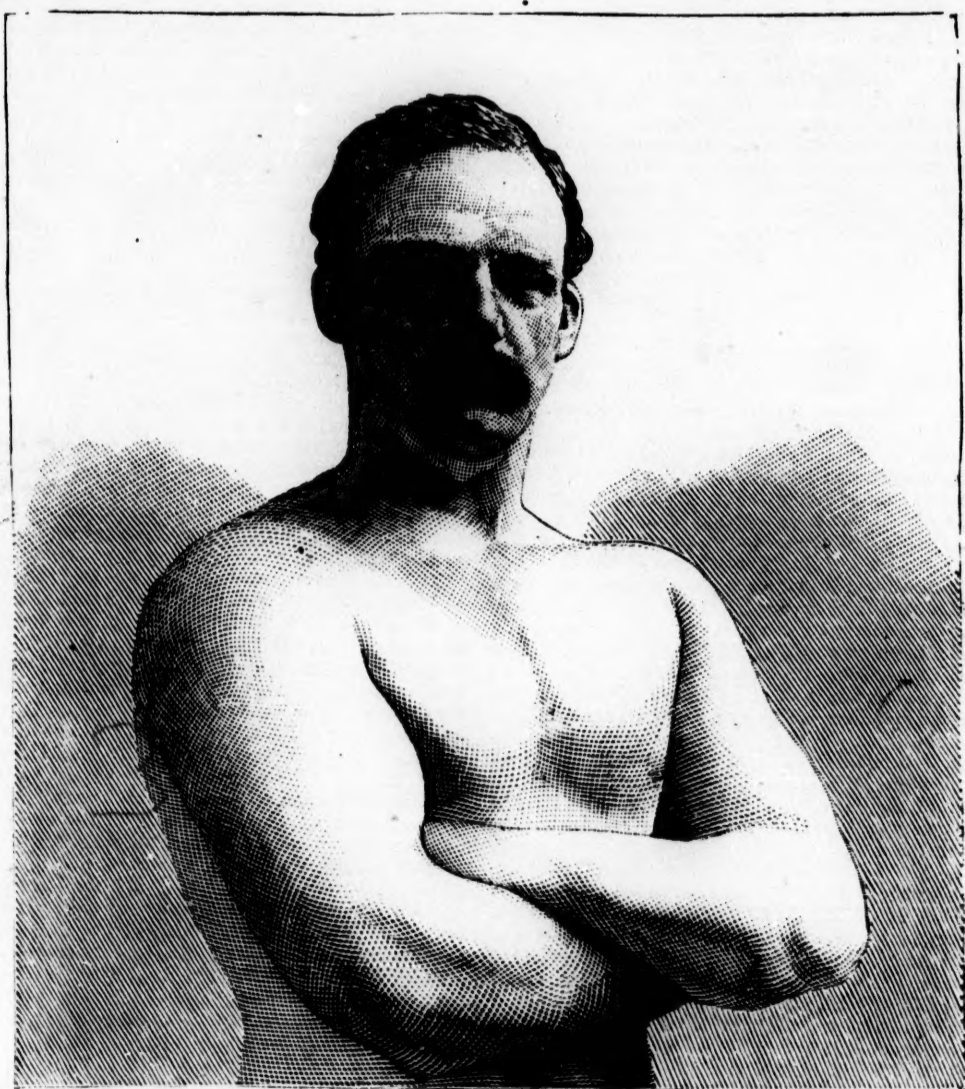
Rule 3. The sum of (\$100) one hundred dollars must be deposited four weeks prior to the race before a competitor will be allowed to enter.

Rule 4. The dogs to run (200) two hundred yards, give or take distance, according to Rule 7.



JAMES QUIGLEY,

CHAMPION WRESTLER OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE, MATCHED TO WRESTLE BROWN, OF BOSTON.



WALTER E. BROWN,

CHAMPION WRESTLER OF THE BOSTON POLICE FORCE, MATCHED TO WRESTLE QUIGLEY, OF NEW YORK.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



THE TORPEDO GIRL.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO GIVES ELECTRIC SHOCKS FROM HER LOWER LIMBS OFFERS HERSELF AS AN ATTRACTION TO BUNNELL, THE NEW YORK SHOWMAN.

Rule 5. The dog or bitch must win three successive matches or sweepstakes or hold the collar for a period of (12) twelve months before it becomes the personal property of the owner of said dog or bitch.

Rule 6. The holder of the collar must deposit its value or give security for the same with Arthur Chambers.

Rule 7. A bitch shall give a bitch start as follows: 14lbs. or less, 2 yards to the pound; over 14 to 20lbs. 1½ yards to the pound; over 20 to 28 lbs., 1 yard to the pound; over 28 to 30lbs., ½ yard to the pound; any dog or bitch weighing over 30lbs. to be put back an extra yard more than a 30lb. dog or bitch. A dog receives from a bitch ½ yard to the pound more than the above rule or one-half yard less, according to weight.

Rule 8. No match to take place in less than (8) eight weeks from signing articles and staking the first deposit.

Rule 9. The entire management to be under the supervision of Arthur Chambers.

The Pets of the Aristocracy.

The fashionable women of New York having made it unfashionable to bear children and raise families, meet the necessity for something to cherish by adopting dogs and other strange pets



FRED WILSON,

CONVICT, ESCAPED FROM JAIL AT INDEPENDENCE, IOWA, AND \$50 REWARD OFFERED.



EDWARD HOVEY,

FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW IN NEW YORK CITY.



THE PETS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

A HIGH NEW YORK WOMAN SENDS HER SICK JOCKO OUT FOR AN AIRING IN THE PARK IN THE CARE OF ITS NURSE.

on whom to lavish their pent up affections. These animals are treated even better than the most pampered baby, and some of the attentions bestowed on them are so extreme as to become publicly ridiculous. Notably the case of the New York millionaire's wife who owns a pet monkey which has the exclusive attentions of a nurse maid, and which is regularly taken out for its airings in the parks in its baby carriage like the other accidental children of the aristocracy. The "monk" evidently enjoys it, and the poor workingman pauses on his way to his daily labor to look with wonder at the brute's luxury and ruefully contrasts it with the squalor of his wretched human brood.

The Torpedo Girl.

Among the new features of Bunnell's Museum is a veritable novelty in the shape of a girl who has only to be touched to give you electric shocks. The electricity lurks in her lower limbs with especial power, and several yahoos who have made bold to touch the ankles or calves of the subject in the private exhibitions given by the manager previous to springing this great attraction on the public, have received such prostrating lightning strokes that they will not go fooling around that girl any more.



THE ROBBER OF THE BABIES.

A TRAMP WHO INFESTS THE NEW YORK CITY PARKS BANQUETS WITH THE BABIES AND TAKES THE LION'S SHARE.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS AND BOOK CANVASSERS

Would do well to send for Catalogue and Price List of the POLICE GAZETTE. Illustrated Publications. The most popular selling books in America. Catalogues and sample copies furnished free on application to

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
193 William Street, New York.

HINDOO is to be permanently retired from the turf.

THE base ball clubs are working hard to make up their nines for next season.

WEST PHILADELPHIA is to have a professional base ball nine next season.

NEXT season the Mets of New York will join the League base ball association.

JOHN CUDDY and Tommy Monaghan are to run 80 yards for \$100 a side, at Lawrence, Mass., on Oct. 23.

THOMAS MONAHAN and John Cuddy are matched to run a half-mile for \$100 at Lawrence, Mass., October 23.

THOMAS BROWNE has opened a first-class sporting house in Fulton street, Brooklyn, and named it the America.

DUNCAN C. ROSS offers to battle any swordsmen living, on horseback, for \$500, broadsword to be used. Who?!

C. N. HOWE won a half-mile foot race at the Plymouth County Fair, Bridgewater, Mass., covering the distance in 2:14.

DICK YARWOOD, the pugilist and Life Guardsman is eager to fight Duncan C. Ross a broadsword combat on horseback.

TOM MCCORMICK, the pugilist of San Francisco, Cal., was sent to prison for forgery at San Francisco, Cal., on August 23.

JOSEPH H. SADLER, the famous English oarsman, was at last advised in the Richmond Hospital, London, Eng., dangerously ill.

ON Oct. 21 the Pullman Athletic Rowing Association will hold their regatta and games at Pullman, Ill. F. B. Aspinwall is the Secretary.

SNEDEKER's stable was the largest winner at the Coney Island Jockey Club races. Dwyer Bros. were next and Pierre Lorillard's the next.

ON Sept. 13 E. F. Whitecher defeated Harry Redmond rowing two miles for a silver cup and the championship of the lower river at Lowell, Mass.

RICHARD LAWRENCE and James E. Seerey of Colorado and John Carlin and Eph Morris of Pittsburgh Pa., are arranging a two mile race for \$200 a side.

ON September 23, the great Long Island stakes, four mile heats, was won by Bushwacker, Glenmore second, Lida Stanhope distanced. Time, 8:01, 8:10.

RICHARD K. FOX is to forward a handsome POLICE GAZETTE gold trophy to Colorado for the pugilists to compete for in boxing matches, Queensbury rules.

THOMAS A. McEWEEN, of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York has been selected referee in the Maguire and Driscoll championship walking match.

AT Montreal, Canada, on Sept. 23d, the Shamrock Lacrosse Club of Montreal defeated the Toronto in a Lacrosse match for the championship. Score 3 goals to 2.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY won the Belle Meade stakes for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, at Louisville, Sept. 23, Ascender second, Hassan third. Time, 1:14.

AT Bridgewater, Mass., on Sept. 22, C. N. Howe won an 80 yard race in 2m. 14s. beating Lew Dunn, who came in second, and Patsy Murphy, who came in third.

WALLACE ROSS allowed Richard Nagle thirty seconds to start in a two and a half mile race at St. Johns N. B., on Sept. 23, and won easily in rough water. Time, 22m. 48s.

PADDY RYAN, the ex-champion pugilist, would like to hear from Charley McDonald, the pugilist, who travelled with him prior to his fight with John L. Sullivan.

THE sail boat races among the Battery boatmen are attracting considerable attention. In a race on Sept. 21 the Nellie P. McGurk, sailed by Edward Ring, won again.

DENNIS DRICOLL of Lynn, Mass., and John Meagher are to walk 25 miles for \$1,000 at Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 6. It will be a grand race between these well known champions.

ON Sept. 23 Duncan C. Ross called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and received the \$500 he had deposited to wrestle any man in America, mixed style of wrestling, for \$500 a side.

THE great struggle between Brown of Boston and Quigley of New York for the police wrestling championship of Boston and New York is to take place at Irving Hall, Oct. 12.

THE Louisville stakes for all ages, mile heats, at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 28, was won by Freeland, who won the second and third heats in 1:43, 1:47. Follow-play won the first heat in 1:43.

ON September 23, at Philadelphia, the two hundred yard dog racing handicap was won by Clip. 21 lbs., 8 yards off; Shotover, 12½ lbs., 19 yards; second: Nell, 40 lbs., scratch, third.

EPH MORRIS and John Carlin have challenged Richard Lawrence and James E. Seerey to row a two-mile race for \$200 and the championship of Colorado on Shoshone Lake, near Denver, on Oct. 7.

F. F. MERRILL won an open one-mile bicycle race for prizes offered by the Golden Gate Fair Association of San Francisco, Cal., recently. W. S. Hull, one of his pupils, was second. Time 3m. 40s.

A UNIVERSITY Lacrosse team was organized at Yale College Sept. 18, the officers being as follows: Captain, McDowell, '81; Vice-President, Thompson, '85; Secretary, Oakford, '81; Treasurer, Mallon, '85.

COCKENEY CHARLEY's dog Pilot, who killed the famous Crib of Louisville, Ky., last fall, and Ned, a noted fighting canine of New York, are to fight a fair scratch in turn fight for \$600 the first week in October.

THE \$100 posted by Tierney on behalf of Decker, of St. Albans, Vt., to wrestle Wm. L. Kennedy of New York, for \$500 a side, was returned on September 17, Kennedy having refused to meet Decker.

AT the meeting of the Golden Gate fair association of San Francisco, Cal., F. F. Merrill, the champion bicycle rider of the Pacific slope, won the one mile open bicycle race. W. S. Hull came in second. Time 3m. 40s.

GUS HILL, the champion club swinger, appeared at Peoria, Ill., on September 20, and he displayed his ability as a club swinger at Decatur. On October 1st, the POLICE GAZETTE champion was to appear at St. Louis, Mo.

AT Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 25, the Gormley and Dawson 135 yard handicap was a grand success. W. Hill, with 16 yards start, won the final heat and race in 3:10s. J. Coogan, with 14 yards start, second. F. Kane, 11 yards start, third.

AT Hyde Park, Sheffield, Eng., Sept. 9 and 11, the final heat in Harts All England 200 yards handicap was won by William South, who had 82½ yards; Wm. Brown, 80½ yards; second; M. Johnson, 82½ yards; third, won by half a yard.

FRED. ERB, JR., the crack pigeon shot in the west, was defeated recently at St. Louis by Henry Nagle, a well known shot of that city. The conditions of the match were 100 birds each, 30 yards rise, English rules. Nagle won by a score of 92 to 91.

DENNY HAGGERTY, the San Francisco pug, was recently put to sleep by a sledge hammer blow on the neck while setting to recently in Patsy Hogan's new 16-foot ring. He claims if it had been a 24-foot ring he would not have had to cry a "go."

THE race at Newmarket, Eng., Sept. 27, for the Granby stakes for two year olds was won by Lord Stamford's Gold Master, with Mr. W. S. Crawford's The Golden Farmer second, Mr. Beauchamp's Onward third and Mr. P. Lorillard's Comanche fourth.

Now Kennedy and McMahon, the collar-and-elbow wrestlers, are at loggerheads. The former promises to let the sporting public know how wrestling matches are arranged, won and lost. When will Kennedy open his budget and the great tale unfold?

J. C. WILLIAMS, the Australian pedestrian, attempted to walk 130 miles in 26 hours, at Defford, England, Sept. 8 and failed. He is fifty years of age and yet he walked 100 miles in 22h. 32m. 53s. He walked 140 miles in 25h. 1m. and 2s. and left the track.

W. FRANKS, the famous English pedestrian, on Sept. 11, at London, Eng., allowed J. Hibbard two minutes' start in a one hour heel-and-toe walking match for \$500. George W. Atkinson, of the London Sporting Life, was referee. Franks won easily, covering 7 miles 140 yards in 55 minutes.

AT the Crystal Rink, Montreal, Canada, Sept. 11 and 12 the 21 hours go-as-you-please race was won by White Eagle, the Indian, who covered 182m. 8 laps. McGaspe was second with 182m. Eiks was third, 180m. 2 laps; J. Hoarhan fourth, 177m.; Bennett fifth, 166m. 6 laps.

AT Newmarket Heath, England, September 27, Pierre Lorillard's Aranza won the Eastern Railway stakes by six lengths. Sir G. Chetwynd's Hornpipe was second and Mr. T. Fetherstonhaugh's War Horn third. Mazurka got away first, followed by Aranza and War Horn and led to the bushes, where Aranza drew away and won easily.

DANIEL O'LEARY, after traveling all over the country giving fleet of foot evolutions, sailed recently, it is said, for England. It is understood that the ex-champion's trip to England is to arrange a six-day heel-and-toe race with Littlewood, the champion six-day walker of England.

ON September 16, the single scull race between Peter Snyder, of the Blackmore Club, and Patrick Connelly, was decided at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the Allegheny River course, from the Suspension Bridge to Herr's Island. It was a three miles with a turn for \$100 a side. The race was closely contested and Connelly won by a length in 22m. 40s. Evan Morris was referee.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Billy Madden appeared at Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 23. Sullivan is still knocking out pugilists in four rounds. Hen Higgins, a powerful pugilist of Buffalo, was pitted against him and Sullivan put him to sleep by a tremendous right-hand blow in the third round. Higgins was twenty minutes before he knew where Sullivan's avalanche blow landed.

THE BROWNS, of St. Louis, will have a strong base ball nine in the field next season. They will have four pitchers—Whitney, Radbourne, Mullane and McGinnis. Three catchers, viz.: Denny, Rowen and Deasley. W. Gleason will be short stop, while Comisky, Denny and W. Latham will be on the bases. The fielders will be Culbert, Radbourne, Rowen, Whitney, and Mullane.

AT the Louisville Jockey Club races on September 28, in a selling race one mile and a half, Harry F. led for a mile and three-eighths, and could have won easily, but was pulled when passing the stand, and Geo. Hakes won by half a length, Harry F. second, Annie G. third, and Square Dance fourth. Time, 2:39. The judges ruled Harry F.'s rider off the track, and ordered all money on the horse for first place to be refunded, all other bets to stand. French pools paid \$15.00. Post odds 9 to 1 against the winner.

RICHARD K. FOX, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has received a letter from Alf. Greenfield, the retired champion pugilist of England. He states that he has built a large hall in the rear of his sporting house, The Swan with the Two Necks, Liverty street, Birmingham, England, that will hold five hundred additional people. Owing to this fact he will, not pay New York a visit till September, 1893, and then he will be under the management of the POLICE GAZETTE. Greenfield says the POLICE GAZETTE is greatly looked for in Birmingham and hundreds come to the Two Swans to read it, as he keeps it always on file.

JACK DEVLIN and Frank Thane, two San Francisco, Cal., pugilists, fought with hard gloves for \$100 recently, at Patsy Hogan's sporting house, No. 1 Morton street, San Francisco, Cal. It was a slashing affair and both men pounded each other according to prize ring rules; terribly, until Thane cross-countered Devlin and knocked him out of time. Devlin was "out" for nearly twenty minutes and when he came round he insisted that there was a horseshoe in the glove, for he did not believe any one could strike him

so hard with the buckskins. The battle lasted twenty minutes during which six rounds were fought.

A NEW base ball nine will represent the Empire City during the season of 1893. It will be under the able management of James Mutrie, formerly of the Metropolitans, and will, like the Athletics of Philadelphia, become a member of the American Association and compete for the championship of that body. Mutrie resigned from the Metropolitans on account of the stockholders declining to engage the league players he had selected. Mr. James Mutrie has a large sum of money at his command and has been given the power to select the best nine possible to be had. With two professional base ball clubs in New York base ball should keep the boys booming next season.

THE Union boat club regatta over a one-mile course on the Harlem river on Sept. 28 was a big success. W. D. Kelly defeated J. L. Brady and Wm. H. Conrell in the single-scull race. The Atlanta crew won the six-oared gig race. In the Junior single-sculls J. K. Pettit won by ten lengths in 7m. 18s., E. Meyers second. The four-oared gig race was won by J. K. Pettit, J. W. Godsell, W. D. Kelly, S. Van Zandt, stroke, J. H. Curran, coxswain, in 7m. 6s. The second crew was composed of P. J. Engel, R. Witeman, V. R. Roby, M. B. Karsche, stroke, A. Maebler, coxswain. This was a close race throughout and the second and third boats also made a dead heat. The crew of the third boat were F. Grant, W. Schuler, O. Berger, C. McGinnis, stroke, C. J. Dillon, coxswain.

THE latest issue of the *Sporting Life* of London says: "Tug Wilson, who is matched by Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to fight James Elliott for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, arrived home Sept. 3 from America. His wife and family and his old friend, George Probert of Birmingham, were at the station to meet him and a large concourse of people assembled to congratulate him on his victory over Sullivan, the American champion. A band was in attendance and played Tug through the town to the inspiring strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Tug is looking well and hearty and had a very pleasant voyage. He speaks very highly of the treatment he received from his American friends and will return to America in the course of a month to fulfil his engagement with Elliott, Goss and Sullivan."

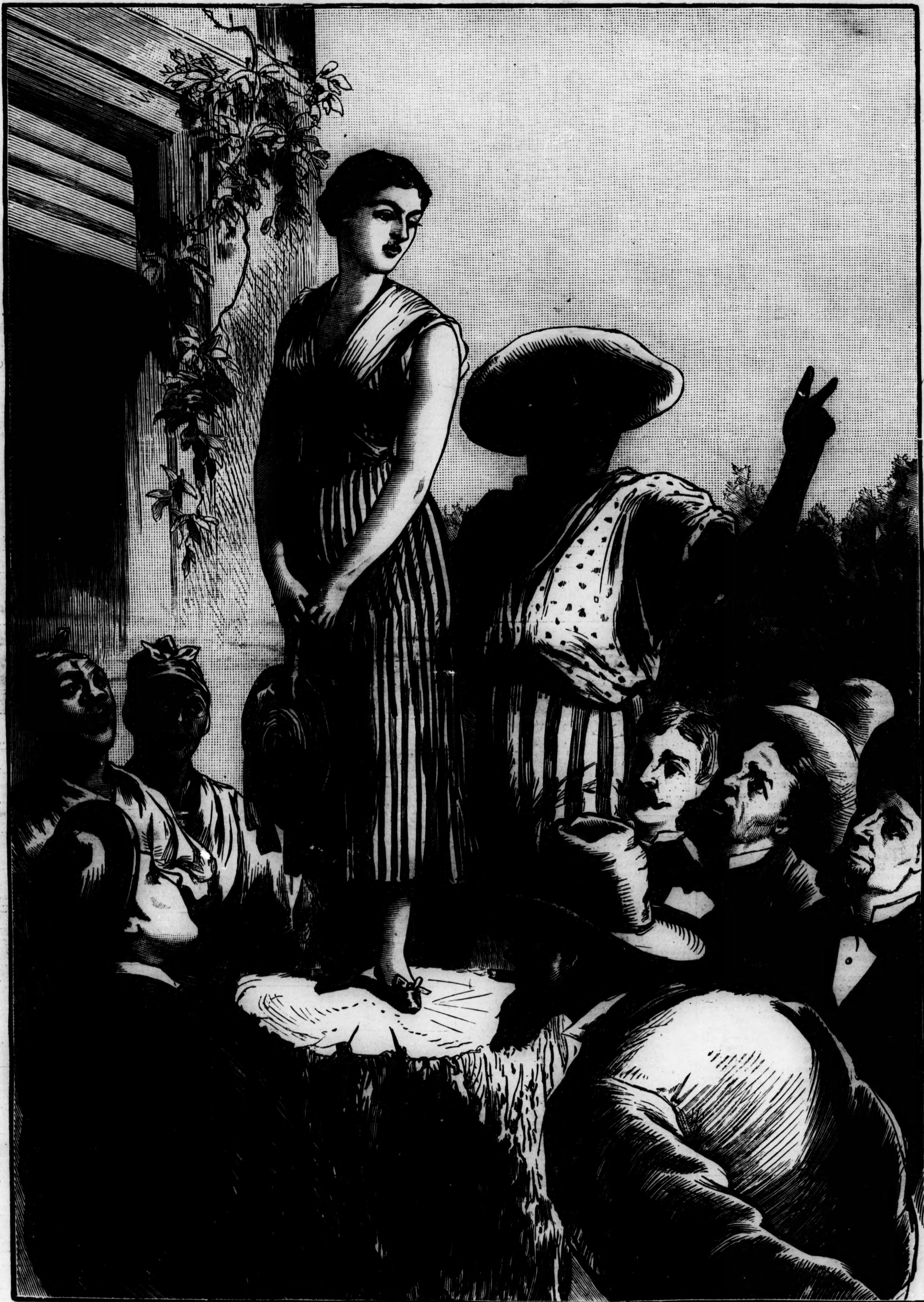
THE great Australian cricket team are to play at Philadelphia, on October 11, 12 and 13, with a picked eighteen of that city. After the matches at Philadelphia they will leave for San Francisco, Cal., and Patsy Hogan's, the POLICE GAZETTE's correspondent, house, No. 1 Morton street, will be their headquarters. The following are the eighteen who will represent America against the Australians: S. Law, J. B. Thayer, Jr., C. E. Harris and W. C. Lowry, of the Merion; J. I. Scott and A. M. Wood, of the Belmont; Thomas Hargrave and Henry Hargrave, of the Girard; H. Tyers, of the Philadelphia, and H. MacNutt, of the Oxford; Charles A. Newhall, Daniel S. Newhall, Robert S. Newhall, E. W. Clark, Jr., and T. H. Dixon, of the Young America Club; W. Brockie, Jr., W. C. Morgan and George Bromhead, of the Germantown.

JAMES ELLIOTT, the pugilist, was arrested on Sept. 26 at the Alhambra sporting theatre by Detective Maher of the fourth precinct on a charge of aiding and abetting a prize fight and training to fight Tug Wilson. He was taken before Judge Morgan and put under \$1,000 bonds. On Sept. 28 Elliott was brought before Judge Donahue on a writ of habeas corpus. Edmund Price, his counsel, argued that no proof otherwise than newspaper publication existed of Elliott's intention to fight Tug Wilson, the pugilist that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE had sent for to England. After some sharp controversy Judge Donahue very properly ordered Elliott to be discharged. Elliott with John Styles, John Leary, Dan Dwyer, Polly Sullivan and a host of sports left rejoicing. In an interview with the POLICE GAZETTE sporting editor he stated that the report circulated in the papers in which it was alleged that Tug Wilson's backer had caused his arrest to prevent his training was not true. He said the warrant upon which he had been arrested was issued at the time he offered to fight John L. Sullivan. In regard to not boxing with George Rooke he said the report that he was afraid of Rooke was not true, that he was not afraid of any pugilist living, but that he refused to appear because he was afraid there would be trouble before the affair ended.

A WRESTLING match was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office Sept. 29 which promises to be another boom for collar-and-elbow wrestling. Michael Ford, the well-known sporting man, who is the boniface of the POLICE GAZETTE Shades at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and John McMahon, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, met with a large number of sporting men at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a wrestling match. Ford was on hand to represent Eddy Carroll, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., while John McMahon represented an Unknown. The latter proposed to match the Unknown to wrestle Carroll at 140 lbs., collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$250 a side. Ford objected to this, proposing to arrange a match for Carroll to wrestle at catch-weights for that amount. After a long argument McMahon consulted the party who was backing the Unknown, and the latter agreed to Ford's terms. Each posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and articles of agreement were signed for a match, collar-and-elbow, at catch-weights, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$250 a side, the POLICE GAZETTE to be final stakeholder, and the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, referee. The match is to take place at Troy, N. Y., Tuesday, October 17, at 8 p. m. The identity of the Unknown who is to meet the champion of Hoosick Falls, is still a mystery. The total stakes, \$500, are now in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who will transfer the money to the winner on the referee's decision. From present indications the contest will be an interesting one and well worth witnessing. Hoosick Falls sports are confident that Carroll can throw any man in America at collar-and-elbow, who does not exceed 145 lbs., in weight, but on the other hand, McMahon, who should be the best judge, is sanguine that the Unknown can defeat any wrestler at the above weight. The contestants will at once go into training and McMahon will take charge of the Unknown, who is supposed to be Decker, of St. Albans, Vt.

THE wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE medal for collar-and-elbow wrestling and the light weight championship of America, offered for competition by Richard K. Fox, was held at the Alhambra sporting theatre, 27th st., N. Y., on Sept. 27 and 28. The entries closed on the 29th at the POLICE GAZETTE office. The entries were Frank Maguire of Hudson, Mass., the champion light-weight of

New England, Martin Dempsey of Williamsburg, N. Y., Chas. Williams of Vermont, colored, Henry McGrath of Brooklyn, N. Y., Patrick Tierney of Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Boston, and the Unknown entered by the POLICE GAZETTE who turned out to be Michael Donahue, the light-weight champion. In order that all the contestants should receive fair play and have a fair trial in their efforts to win the beautiful championship emblem John McMahon, the collar-and-elbow champion of the world, was appointed referee and it was left to him which way the six contestants should wrestle. He decided that the names of each should be placed in a hat and that the first two should wrestle best two in three and that the three winners of the bouts should wrestle for the first and second prize on the second night. The six contestants agreed to these conditions and the names of each was placed on a slip of paper and placed in a hat. Dr. Owens, a disinterested party, drew out the names. Maguire and Williams were the first two drawn. Then Dempsey and McGrath, then Donahue and Tierney. It was decided that each of the bouts should be best two in three fair back falls, POLICE GAZETTE rules, and that the three winners should contend for first and second prize. The first bout was won by Frank B. Maguire, of Hudson, Mass., the light-weight champion of New England, who threw Charles Williams, colored, of Vermont, twice, in capital style. The second bout was won by Martin Dempsey, the leather-weight champion, who hails from Brooklyn, who defeated McGrath. The third bout was won by Michael Donahue, the light-weight champion of America, who was the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown. Donahue defeated Michael Tierney, of Boston, Mass. On Thursday evening, September 28, a large crowd assembled to witness the finish of the tournament at the Alhambra Sporting Theatre. Michael Donahue, who represented the POLICE GAZETTE; Martin Dempsey, of Brooklyn, and Frank B. Maguire, of Hudson, Mass., being the winners of the contests on the first night, had to wrestle for first prize and the entrance fee, which was to be divided between first and second. The names of the contestants were placed in a hat by Wm. E. Harding, who had the management of the affair, and each contestant drew his name, it being agreed that the names of the first two drawn from the hat should wrestle first, and that the winner should wrestle against the winner of the next bout for the first prize. Donahue and Dempsey were the first drawn, and they had to wrestle best two in three. John McMahon was referee, and he ordered the men into the ring at 9 p. m. Donahue won the first bout easily, and he captured the second after an interesting scientific display of wrestling. After one hour's rest Dempsey and Maguire had to compete. If Maguire threw Dempsey, who had already been defeated by Donahue, then he would have to retire. At 10:30 Dempsey and Maguire stepped into the arena, and Maguire won the two falls easily. This left the New England champion and the POLICE GAZETTE's champion to wrestle for the first prize. The match between these rival champions created no little interest, and there was considerable speculation over the affair. Both are first-class wrestlers, and they were right in harness and on their merits. The first fall was won by Donahue by a hip lock, amid cheers of the excited crowd. Again they closed, and after a hard struggle Donahue threw the New England champion, but he landed on his side. In the next rally Donahue forced matters, while Maguire wrestled on the defensive. A fierce struggle followed and again both fell, and John McMahon shouted "No fall." Once more they closed and Maguire changed his tactics and tried to cross-toe Donahue. The latter evaded the lock and turning in under Maguire threw him with terrific force to the ground. The referee declared that Donahue won the fall, and amid tremendous cheering Donahue was declared the winner. Pop Whittaker on behalf of Richard K. Fox then presented Donahue with the champion trophy and first money, and Maguire received second money. James Patterson, of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, then mounted the stage and said he would match Donahue to wrestle any man in the country collar-and-elbow, at 140 pounds for \$500 or \$1,000. The affair was a grand success and created considerable interest. Donahue, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, was born in Ireland, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 135 pounds. He is a blacksmith by trade and follows that business all the year round, merely wrestling because he is fond of the sport. Donahue first became noted by arranging a match with Joe Ryan (Wrestling Joe), but it was not decided, Ryan's backers refusing to go on with the match. He was then matched to wrestle John T. Grady, Sugar Murphy's Unknown, but the latter was overweight and John Bolac, of Fairfield, Vt., was pitted against Donahue. The match was decided in New York on Feb. 2, 1890, Donahue winning the first and second falls and the match, the last fall breaking his collar bone. He was then matched against Nat. E. Hutchins, of Marlboro, Mass., for \$300 a side and the light-weight championship of America and belt. It was decided at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, Mass., May 31, 1890. He won the match by throwing him twice in succession after a very stubborn contest. He was then matched against Ed. Carroll, of Hoosick Falls. This was decided on July 26, 1890, and ended in a draw after the athletes had wrestled one hour and 36 minutes. Donahue was then matched to wrestle W. H. Soule, of St. Albans, Vt., for \$200 a side and the light-weight championship. This affair was decided in New York on Oct. 18, 1890. Soules won the first fall by a splendid side throw and was in the next bout thrown by Donahue by a hip-lock and in the fall broke his arm and was obliged to give Donahue the match. There being no more in New York that would wrestle him at his weight he traveled as far as Boston, when Maurice Tracey, of that city, was his victim, he throwing Tracey twice in about 20 minutes, March 29, 1891, the stakes being \$200 a side. Another match was made with John H. Taylor, of New Hampshire. It took place at Smyth's Opera House, April 26, 1891, and was for a purse of \$500. He threw Donahue after a very hard struggle. The pecuniary ways of the young blacksmith are that he always puts up his own money and stays strictly at his business when in training for a match. Donahue then posted a deposit of \$50 with the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged any man in America to wrestle collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for the light-weight championship at 135 pounds, but no one accepted the challenge and the \$50 was returned. He was then matched to wrestle Maurice Tracey for \$250 a side and the light-weight championship of America. This was decided in New York and Donahue won. Prior to the POLICE GAZETTE tournament he had defeated Martin Dempsey, of Brooklyn. He has a deposit of \$50 now with the POLICE GAZETTE to wrestle any 140 lb. man in America, collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$500 or \$1,000.



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